Saturday Review

AY 26, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

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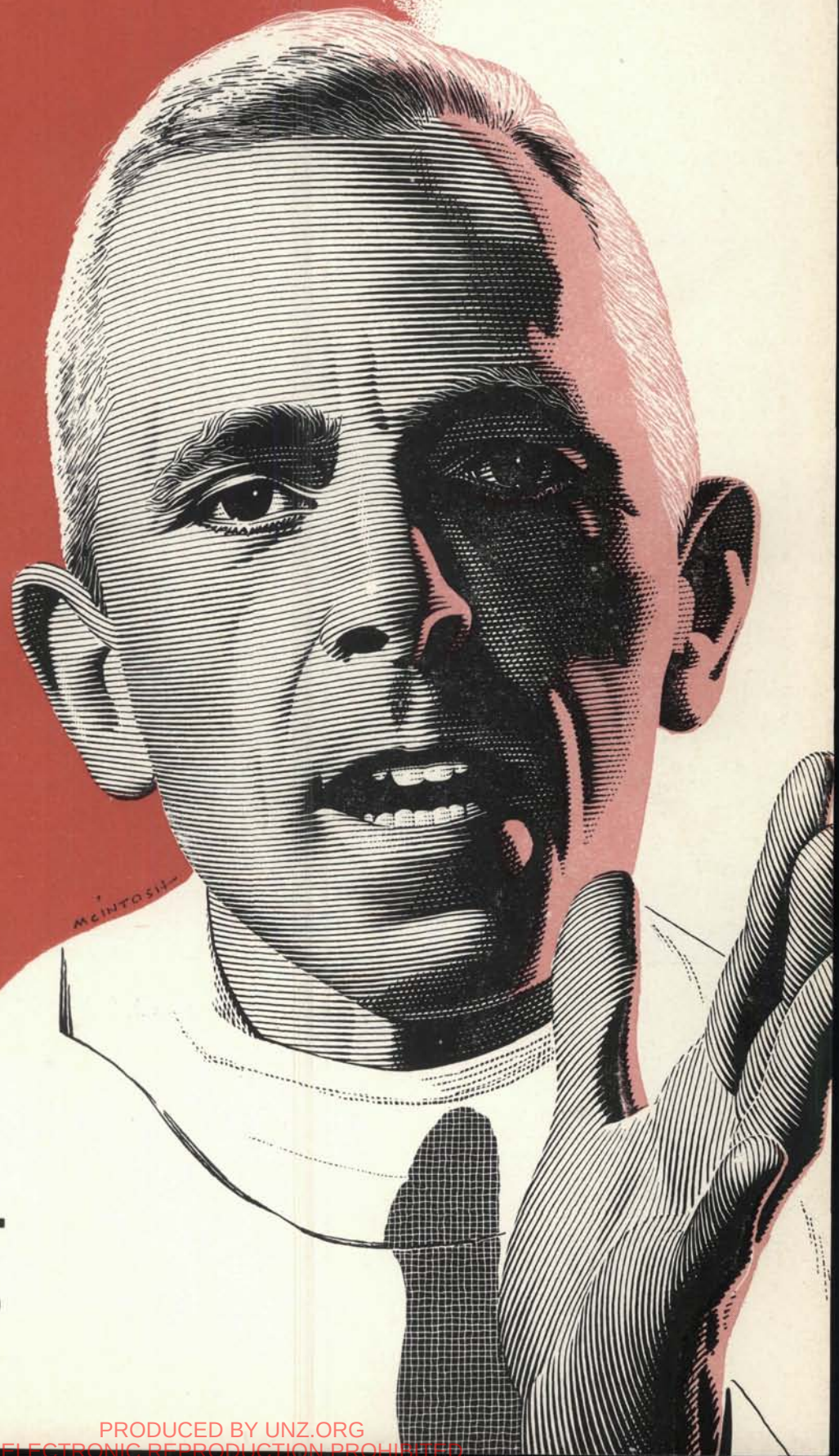

evor Huddleston, author of
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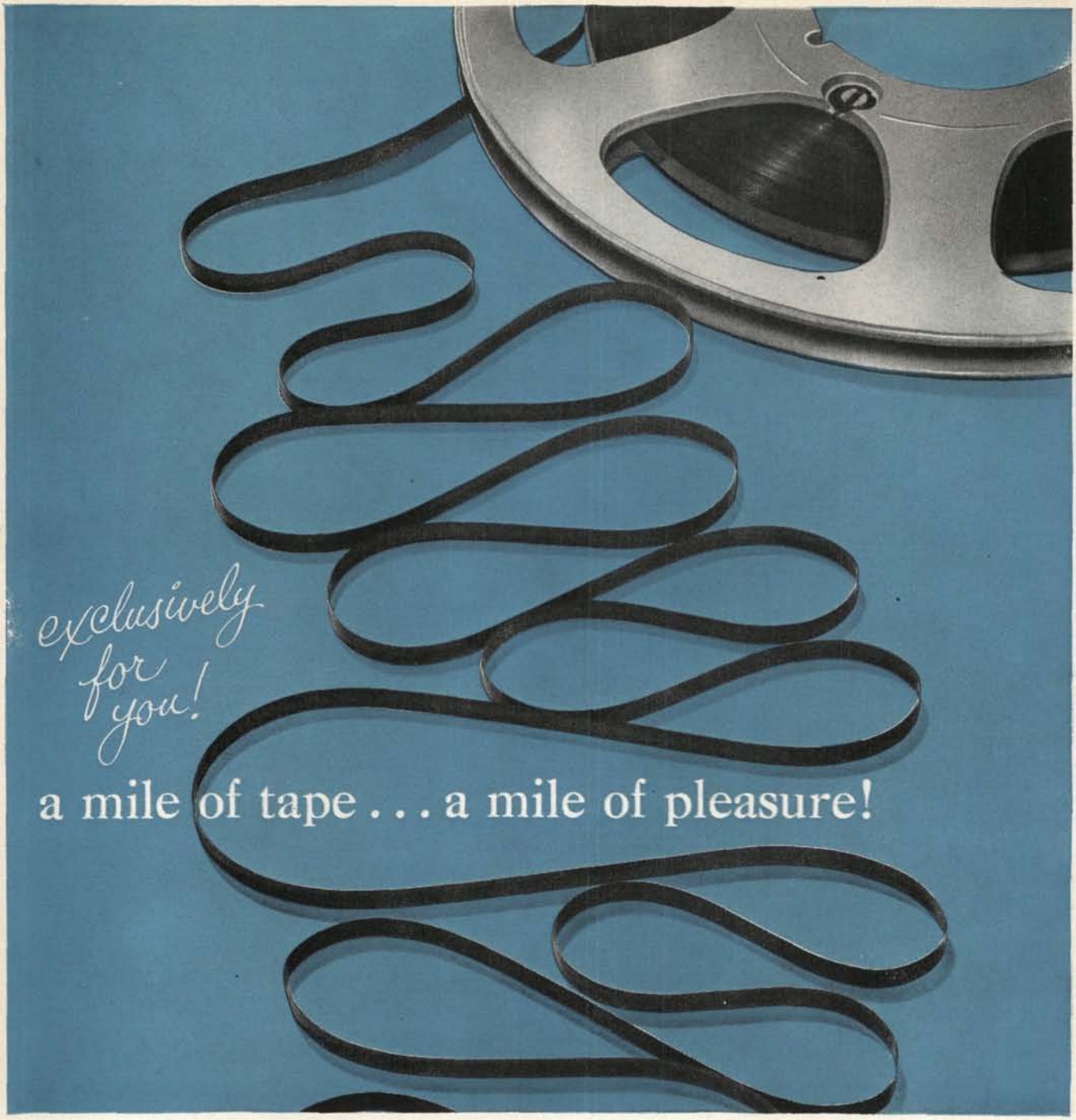

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The Saturday Review

MAY 26, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

11 Goodbye to Uncle Tom, by J. C. Furnas

20 Mary McCarthy as a Critic, by Joseph Wood Krutch

22 The Grand Commitment: An Editorial

44 Festivals in America

SR/BOOKS

13 Naught for Your Comfort, by Trevor Huddleston
Reviewed by Stuart Cloete

14 This Is Our World, by Louis Fischer
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

15 A Wreath for Udomo, by Peter Abrahams
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

16 A Walk on the Wild Side, by Nelson Algren
Reviewed by James Kelly

17 The Mandarins, by Simone de Beauvoir
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

18 Souvenir, by Margaret Truman, with Margaret Cousins
Reviewed by Bess Furman

19 A Cornish Waif's Story, by Emma Smith
Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét

19 Marianne Thornton, by E. M. Forster
Reviewed by George Woodcock

21 Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks
Reviewed by Joe Alex Morris

21 In Search of Heresy, by John W. Aldridge
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

8 Literary Crypt

23 Letters to the Editor

24 Broadway Postscript

25 *SR* Goes to the Movies

26 TV and Radio

30 Literary I.Q.

39 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1157

41 *SR* Recordings for June

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX No. 21, May 26, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane

AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people. Vail Medals, with cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.

HELPING HANDS—*The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Here's hov

It is a source of social as well material progress for everyo —customers, share owners, er ployees, suppliers and the pub

One of the most important things Gene Electric is finding out about automatior that it is already yielding benefits for p ple, and promises even more for the futu

Customers are benefiting from bet products and services at better valu Factory and office workers are benefiti from more rewarding jobs as their p ductive arm is extended through grea use of machines. Investors are sharing the opportunities, as well as the risks, great new growth enterprises.

We all benefit in increased natio security—for our margin of safety in m ern arms depends on continuously incre ing the productivity of American indust

Planning for human progress

Good planning for automation incluc planning for human problems as well the mechanical and financial ones. General Electric we try to plan techr logical improvements so that the norn turnover of our work force absorbs a shifts in employment. In addition, t company is spending 35 to 40 million d lars each year to train or retrain employee there are over 1,000 courses in facto skills, and at least 500 courses for prof sional, technical and semi-technical peop

And as we automate further to satis customer demand, and thus increase t proportion of jobs requiring higher ec cation and skills, it would seem entire possible that average earnings, includi benefits, of General Electric employees years from now may be in the range $8,000 to $9,000 annually.

Need for public understanding

The more the benefits of automation a understood, the more all companies w move ahead with modernization prograı —thereby speeding progress in creati new products, new jobs, and new oppc tunities for human satisfaction.

For your copy of "Testimony on Automatio given before a Congressional subcommittee President Ralph J. Cordiner of General Electr please write us at Dept. 2E-119, Schenectady, N.

Automation and new jobs: Modern manufacturing methods, such as those used in producing TV picture tubes, have helped entire new industries grow: more than 70,000 General Electric employees are working on products we did not make in 1939.

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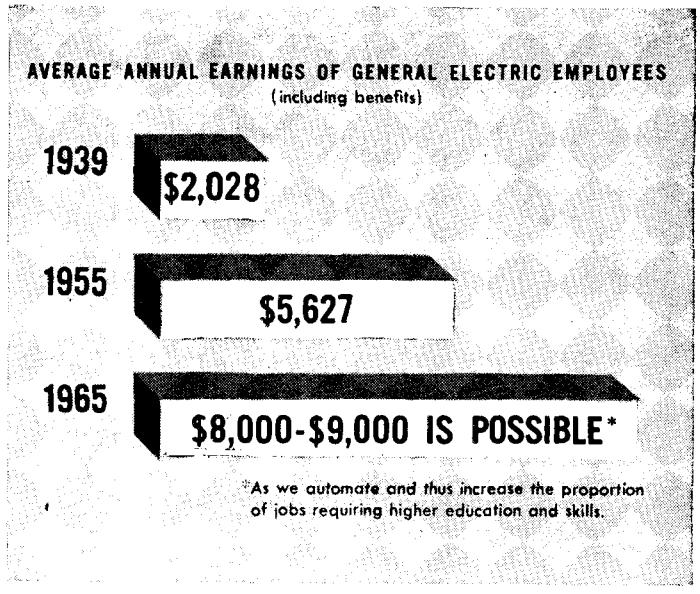
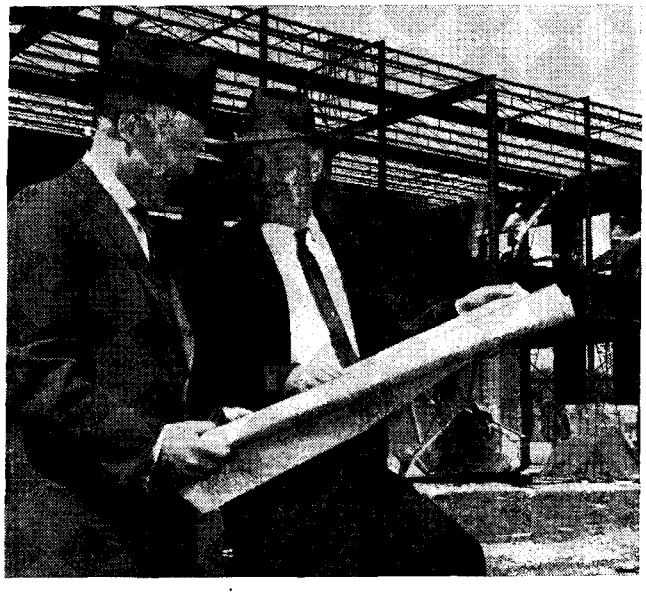
utomation is already serving you

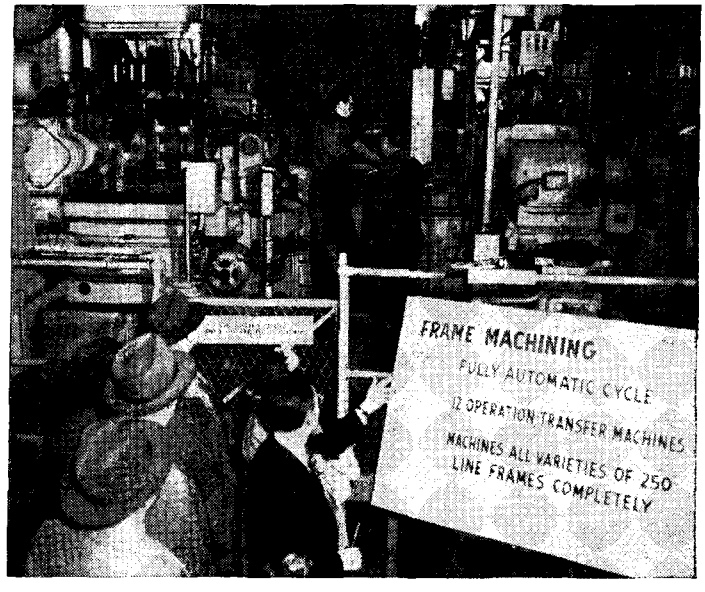
r values for customers: Automation at General Electric con- ; to bring better product values. Television sets, vacuum ers, automatic blankets, refrigerators, automatic washers and other consumer products are lower in price than in 1950— though wage and material costs have substantially increased.



More and better jobs for employees: Increased use of automation is bringing increased employment and upgrading of work. Employment at General Electric has grown from 71,500 in 1939 to about 230,000 at the end of 1955. In the same period total compensation and benefits paid employees have increased more than 8 times.



nsion for other businesses: As automation helps General ric produce more products at prices that attract more buyers, reds of thousands of dealers and some 40,000 suppliers are ded with opportunities to expand their own businesses and olls—business opportunities they would not otherwise have.



Increased dividends for share owners: The share owners above are inspecting some of the modern equipment their investment helped to buy. The willingness of General Electric's share owners to reinvest earnings has made possible the Company's progress toward automation — and the resulting benefits to everyone.

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The Long View

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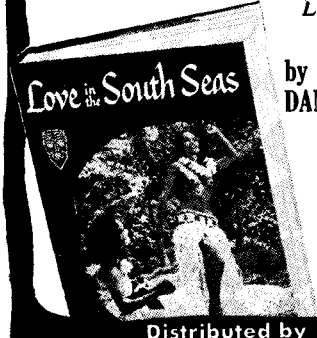

by BENGT DANIELSSON

Illus. $4.00

Distributed by THE VIKING PRESS

TRADE Winds

WHITNEY DARROW, after a round forty years of valiant service under the banner of Scribner's, has retired definitely from the hurly-burly of the publishing world, though he retains the right to tell young sprouts in the industry what they're doing incorrectly. No man to say in forty words what can be equally well expressed in 400, Whitney once wrote a seven-page letter, in closely spaced longhand, to his distinguished son, Whitney Darrow, Jr., *New Yorker* cartoonist, and signed it "Hastily, Dad." . . . Harold Guinzberg, head of Viking, finally recognized the power of the press when *his* son, Tom, also of Viking, married movie-star Rita Gam some weeks ago. Mr. Guinzberg, who habitually shuns the limelight, had requested *The New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* kindly to confine their stories of the wedding to the society page—but he failed to take into account the fact that one of the bridesmaids was a lady named Grace Kelly, on the way to her own wedding in Monaco. When Miss Kelly sashayed into the Guinzberg manse Mr. G. tried valiantly to prevent her retinue from following her, but was promptly swept aside by about 200 reporters, 300 photographers, and 400 press agents. Mr. Guinzburg, nursing his wounds, is now referred to in some quarters as King Canute.

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS CONVENTION at Washington's Shoreham Hotel next week is being heralded as the biggest and best ever. The last time the booksellers convened in the nation's capital Paul Pearlman followed a figure in a slinky black gown for ten blocks before he found out it was a Supreme Court Justice. Speakers for the 1956 jamboree include Phil Graham, Ilka Chase, Eric Severeid, and our own John Mason Brown.

IN "THE FUNNY MEN" (S & S) Steve Allen, who is a very funny man himself, analyzes the special qualities that enabled top-flight entertainers like the late Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Sid Caesar, Eddie Cantor, George Gobel, Groucho Marx, Sam Levenson, etc., to achieve eminence in the first place. The book is also a deserved tribute to the writers who have learned to grind out material peculiarly suited to the stars who sign their paychecks. . . . Another old airwaves friend, Oscar Levant, has been sharpening his vitriolic wit on a West Coast TV program called "Words About Music" that should be given a full network airing. Asked to comment on the glamorous Kim Novak's appearance at an awards dinner, Herb Stein reports that Oscar said she looked disturbed because, after all her practice, the shoulder strap of her dress didn't fall off. He dismissed Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor" as "one of those Sleepy Hollow legends—very sleepy and very hollow." He also told a man with whom he had been composing songs, "I'm afraid I can't work with you any longer. You're too normal."

On other programs Cedric Adams referred to Alcatraz as "the pen with the lifetime guarantee." And Colonel Duffy characterized the countryside as "a damp sort of place where all sorts of birds fly about uncooked." "The trouble with always being the best man at a wedding," complained a well-known Hollywood bachelor-barrister, "is that you are seldom afforded the opportunity to prove it." . . . Helpful hint from Jack O'Brian: When a TV emcee introduces anyone as "wonderful" he means just fair. "Great" means pretty good. "Very wonderful" suggests featured billing and "very very wonderful" means the emcee's equal. "Very very fabulous" indicates that the guest is appearing without pay.

SKEPTICS WHO ALWAYS suspected there was a lot more going on than met the eye in the private lives of those ultra-respectable, straitlaced hypocrites of Queen Victoria's day are chortling over the revelations in Cyril Pearl's "The Girl With the Swansdown Seat" (Bobbs-Merrill). Fancy ladies

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in London a century ago, maintains Mr. Pearl, concealed not only skeletons (and lords) in their private closets, but magnificent "conveniences" as well, decorated with genuine jewels and the rarest materials. The one with the "swansdown seat" belonged to a doxie named Skittles, who knew a couple of thousand tricks or two, did she, about how to separate a heap from the goats. Mr. Pearl says there were some 80,000 "soiled doves" like her in London at the time, and that almost all of them were faring considerably better than virtuous maidens toiling for the starvation wages characteristic of the Industrial Revolution. It's different today, of course.

FELLOW WITH A STRONG Boston accent, reports George Ryan, went into a Hartford bookshop to buy a copy of "The Last Hurrah." "I'm afraid we haven't carried that in stock for a long while," apologized the clerk. "That's absurd," expostulated the Bostonite. "How can you fail to stock the current number one best-seller?"

"I beg your pardon," said the clerk hastily. "Of course, we have 'The Last Hurrah.' I thought you were asking for 'Lost Horizons'!" . . . Speaking of Boston, *Atlantic Monthly*'s Ted Weeks announces with pardonable pride that, beginning with the June issue, Mrs. Joseph Henry Jackson will contribute regular dissertations on the new books for children. . . . There is no truth to the rumor, insists Pyke Johnson, that New York's current anti-honk campaign has forced C. S. Forester to discontinue his "Hornblower" books. He's simply taking a sabbatical for his "Age of Fighting Sail: The Story of the Naval War of 1812," due via Doubleday on July 4. . . . Incidentally, the book tells how the *Constitution* escaped from a formidable British fleet on an absolutely calm sea. Because there was no wind the *Constitution* had to resort to kedging, which is moving a ship by sending out an anchor in a small boat, dropping it overboard, and then pulling the ship up to it. The British followed the same method, and for a while it was sort of kedge as kedge can.

DIAL'S BIOGRAPHY OF Estes Kefauver, by reporters Jack Anderson and Fred Blumenthal, is off to a very strong start. . . . A fall entry from Crown,

"Bizarre and indeed incredible . . . a marvelously entertaining affair."— *The Atlantic*

Aubrey Menen

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OR, LIFE IN AN ENGLISH HAREM

The wickedly funny saga of a mid-Victorian clergyman who kept a harem.

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"Amatory extravaganza . . . a one-sitting book with chuckles all the way." — *Saturday Review Syndicate*

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A bereaved American goes grouse shooting in Scotland to forget his dead wife — and becomes game himself in the sights of a beautiful woman who has lost two husbands by suspicious and untimely deaths. As the story ranges from London to New York to South Carolina, the reader is kept in taut suspense: Is the American entering on a romance that is perilous for him, or does he actually have both eyes open? $2.75

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"Fresh, original and abundantly alive."*

Richard Hagopian

WINE FOR THE LIVING

In this novel of a little Armenian family living outside of Boston, you will do a lot of living and meet a lot of unforgettable people. There's Paul, the sensitive young boy of the family . . . his father, big and kind and deeply troubled . . . his mother, who hates the new world to which her husband has brought her. It's a "moving and exhilarating book . . . for readers who like to explore the almost uncharted territory that lies beyond the ken of book clubs and best-seller lists." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $3.95

By the author of FARAWAY THE SPRING

At all bookstores **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**

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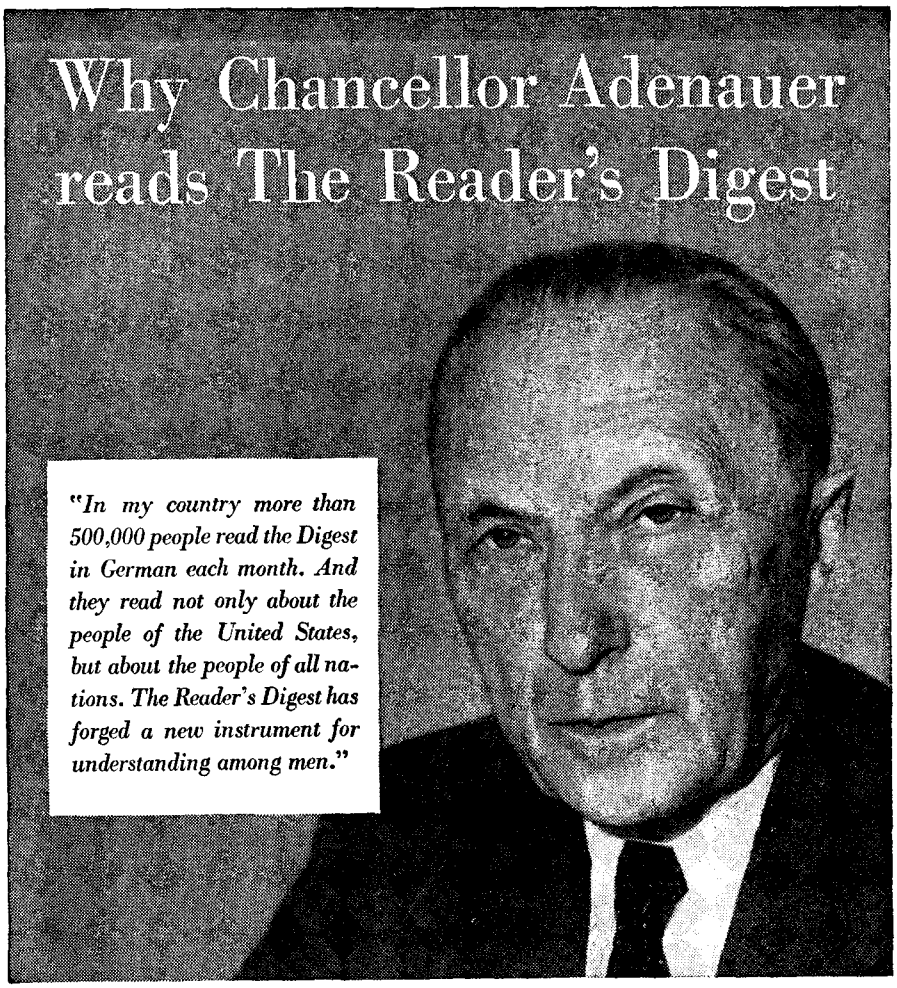
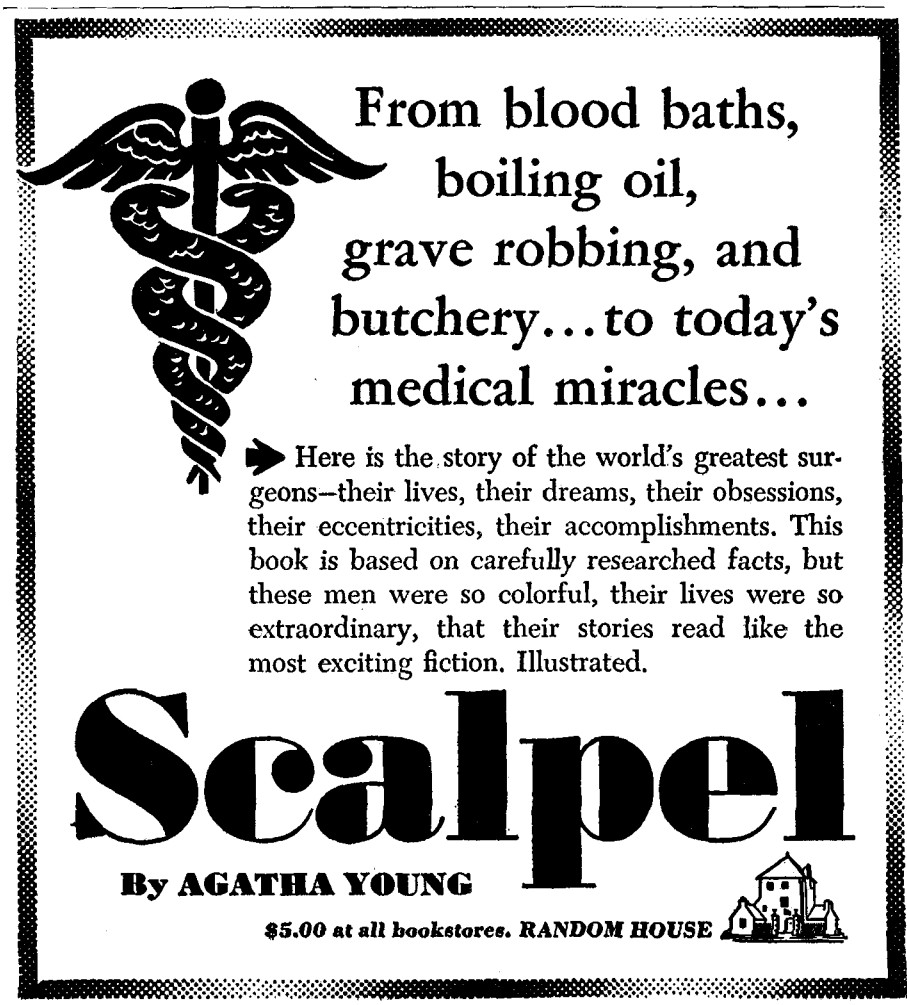

Why Chancellor Adenauer reads The Reader's Digest
"In my country more than 500,000 people read the Digest in German each month. And they read not only about the people of the United States, but about the people of all nations. The Reader's Digest has forged a new instrument for understanding among men."

"The Big Ivy," has already been sold to Hollywood. Its main character: the Twentieth Century Limited! . . . Edward Uhlan strips bare the secrets of "vanity publishing" in his "The Rogue of Publishers' Row" (Exposition). . . . The late Jim Corbett willed to publisher Henry Walck, president of Oxford University Press in New York, the tiger skin of "The Bachelor of Powalgarh"—a ferocious killer dealt with at some length in Corbett's "Man-Eaters of Kumaon." This must be the handsomest author's bequest since Richard Halliburton left *his* publisher a stuffed alligator.

THERE WAS A resident in a swank Park Avenue apartment who fancied that a live alligator was lurking outside his penthouse every morning. "Darndest hallucination I ever heard of," admitted his psychiatrist, "but if anybody can cure you, it's me." Five visits later the doctor felt he had made astonishing progress, and it was with a jaunty step that he came round for Visit Number Six. There was no sign of the patient, however, so the doctor made inquiries of the building superintendent.

"Haven't you heard?" sighed the superintendent. "When poor Mr. Jones came out of his penthouse yesterday afternoon an alligator ate him."

—Bennett Cerf.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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 674

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 674 will be found in the next issue

MXP FIICTFEW MXGM

MFQPT MXGM SPVP GVP

OPMMPV MXGW MXETP

MXGM GVP, XGT JVEOGOIL

JVPKGYPY GII GHPT.

—XEVGZP HVPPIPL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 673

I'll not listen to reason. . . . Reason always means what some one else has got to say.

—Elizabeth Gaskell.

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Prizes and Subsidies

THE Academy of American Poets has extended an invitation to all publishers of books of poetry to participate in its annual Lamont Poetry Selection Contest. This year the closing date is June 15, 1956.

The Academy has announced each publisher may submit only one manuscript, which must be that of an American poet who has had no poetry previously published in book form. Although the contest is open only to unpublished manuscripts prior acceptance for publication will not disqualify any entry. The Academy agrees to purchase for distribution to its membership 1,000 copies of the winning manuscript at a 40 per cent discount from the retail price, but not exceeding $1.50 per copy or $1,500 in the aggregate.

Manuscripts must be mailed or delivered to the Academy of American Poets, Inc., 1030 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y., together with an official entry blank which can be obtained from the Academy.

●

The Saturday Review is happy to announce that a prize of $500 will be offered for the best poem published in its pages during the year beginning May 1956. The prize is made possible through the cooperation of *The Saturday Review* and an anonymous friend of poetry. Judges will be Dudley Fitts, John Holmes, Robert Halsband, and John Ciardi (*SR*'s poetry editor). The judges may award the entire prize to one poem or divide it among two or more. The editors of *The Saturday Review* welcome this opportunity to recognize the vitality and accomplishment of our current poets and hope that this award may help stimulate others to encourage good poetry.

●

The Saturday Review's Harrison Smith has recently been elected a trustee of the Carnegie Fund of the Authors' Club, of which he is president. Under the terms of the Trust there are two qualifications required to approve grants for financial aid. One is that the applicant shall have had published one substantially good book brought out by a recognized trade publisher. Two: that the applicant is suffering from an acute financial emergency, such as accident or hospitalization. Grants cannot be awarded for extended support while a writer is composing a book. There is no limit on the amount of a particular grant, but in the past only one applicant has received the sum of $500.

JUST OUT:

Vincent Sheean's "eloquent, vivid, curiously moving portrait"* of the fabulous impresario

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN I

☛Opera was his life. Millions who scarcely knew a mezzo from a mezzanine adored him for his zest, his grand manner, his daring.

☛Singlehanded, he gave battle to the powerful Met; was bought out for a million dollars; used it to challenge the supremacy of Covent Garden in London.

☛His love letters appeared on the front pages of America's newspapers.

☛He built 13 theatres, invented a cigar-making machine, kept a private menagerie, cornered a runaway bear with a siphon of soda water, was as familiar to the nation as if he'd been elected its president.

☛He brought to America the most glamorous of prima-donnas: Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Luisa Tetrazzini; fought with them, was adored by them.

☛His failures were as dazzling as his triumphs and the one thing fatal to him was success. He was a man Dumas would have been proud to invent.

"Magnificent," says the New York Times. *"Vincent Sheean's best book since 'Personal History.'"*

***OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN I* by Vincent Sheean, with a preface by Oscar Hammerstein II. 363 pages. 17 photographs. Just published. $5 at all bookstores. Simon and Schuster.**

* from John K. Hutchens' superb review in *The New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

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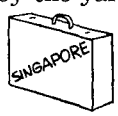
What makes a newspaper great?

In newspaper offices all over America teletypes chatter of Singapore riots, Gaza Strips, *apartheids*, Cypriots and war in North Africa. And while reports, interviews and feature stories pour in by the yard, harried editors spin globes and scan reference books to background themselves.

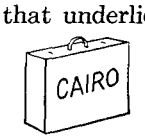


Intelligent newspaper editing today calls for wide experience plus a quiz-contestant's memory and intimate working acquaintance with a staggering array of assorted peoples and locales. For in the jungle of conjectures, half-truths and conflicting rumors, even the opinions of on-the-spot reporters may be contradictory or misleading.

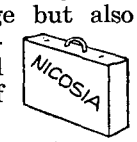
That is why the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, despite their access to every important news gathering service in the world, have been sending local staff members in record number to Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient.

These journeying journalists have no ambitions to become permanent foreign correspondents. Their job is observation. Their purpose: to be better able to interpret the world's important news stories in the light of the special interests and concerns of Upper Midwest newspaper audiences, already among the nation's best-informed on foreign affairs.

Executive editor William Steven, cartoonist Scott Long, assistant executive editor Wilbur Elston, reporter Carl Rowan, editorial writer Robert W. Smith, news editor Daryle Feldmeir and science writer Victor Cohn —these are some of the Star and Tribune staff men who have been traveling distant continents to examine for themselves the situations that underlie the world's tensions.



For the Minneapolis Star and Tribune believe that the resolution of the conflicts in these areas ultimately will affect the lives of *all* of the world's people's, including their readers. Keeping the Upper Midwest more completely informed on daily developments and "big picture" trends, not only with thorough news coverage but also through wise interpretation based on first-hand knowledge, is the goal of these two newspapers.



It's through such extra efforts to add understanding, depth and color to the world's news that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune earn and hold the respect and confidence of the largest newspaper audience in the 3½ state area they serve: America's Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

625,000 SUNDAY · 495,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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The Saturday Review
MAY 26, 1956

GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM

While Uncle Tom is now regarded by serious historians more as a figure in American folklore than a basic cause of the War Between the States, the people at the time possessed no such detachment. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, appeared in 1852 it created a European and American sensation, for Mrs. Stowe had excruciatingly dramatized all of the qualms and disgust men had come to feel for slavery in the past century or more. But, as J. C. Furnas points out here, she also engraved stereotypes, not only of overseer and slave but also Negro and white, which distort American values to this day. Mrs. Stowe was born in 1811 into the large Connecticut family of a Calvinist parson. When she was twenty-one the Beechers moved to Cincinnati, on the border of Slaveland, where Harriet married, taught in her sister's academy, bore six children, and won a family reputation for the little writing she squeezed in. Not until she was forty (and had moved to Maine) did she sit down in great excitement to narrate "The Death of Uncle Tom," mailed to an abolitionist Washington paper (1851). This article is excerpted from Mr. Furnas's book "Goodbye to Uncle Tom," to be published June 20 by William Sloane Associates (copyright 1956 by J. C. Furnas).

By J. C. FURNAS

CURIOSITY once caused me to pay a quarter for a grimy secondhand copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book that I had missed reading, had never even held in my hand before. In spite of fine type and poor paper it proved unexpectedly interesting.

Mrs. Stowe's official biographer-descendants once wrote, "It was a necessity of her mind to persuade herself that some higher end was sought in everything that she did from raising potatoes to writing a book." Whatever she meant in 1852, "Uncle Tom" had a calamitously large hand in making sure that a dividing Union would wreak on itself the overdue justice Jefferson had shrunk from contemplating sixty-eight years before. By the epoch of "Uncle Tom" Mrs. Stowe's Lord seems to have worked back to his Old Testament phase, bent on an eye for an eye and the wiping out of armies. For every Negro slave hustled ashore filthy and naked in North America a white man was to die in fratricidal violence; for every misbegotten excuse for treating men like things a white man would lie festering in a fly-fetid hospital; for every free Negro treated as subhuman by Northerners reproaching the South for the crime of slavery a Yankee would succumb to some foul camp disease; for every mulatto sold to strangers by his own cousins a white child would be orphaned. The score had long accumulated, and compounding interest had long since dwarfed the principal.

In 1851 Mrs. Stowe had the delusion that her book would promote healing of the already deepening rift between the two segments of the nation. In her chronic confusion she wrote: "To you, generous, noble-minded men and women of the South, whose virtue, magnanimity, and purity of character are the greater for the severe trial it [*sic*] has encountered—to you is her appeal." By now, a Negro source tells me, "Uncle Tom" as epithet has expanded from "its earliest connotation . . . a boot-licking, servile type of Negro in . . . his relationship with whites, also a yes-man to anything proposed by whites which did not seem to favor Negroes. Now it may mean a weakling or a coward, a traitor, a wily manipulator, one who engineers a race sell-out or one who for any reason failed to 'speak up' for his race at an important point. There is also the connotation of general disgust. . . ." In any case, we all still see Negroes and their plight all too consistently through Mrs. Stowe's always flawed and long obsolete spectacles. In the most august study of these matters, Gunnar Myrdal concluded that "the status accorded the Negro in America represents . . . a century-long lag in public morals. In principle the Negro problem was settled long ago; in practice the solution is not yet effectuated."

THE racist's error, often nasty, is to wield the idea "race" as though it covered much more than anything so far implied. He confounds it with the selectively and deliberately inbred blood lines of the animal breeder. In the South he has often made a

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fool of himself by averring, in the teeth of copious evidence, that mulattoes, fruit of "mongrelization," hence necessarily degenerate, are less fertile than either Caucasoids or full Negroes. Violently the racist resists the suggestion that lack of cultural privileges might account for many American Negroes' blurring of mental skills above certain levels. Sulkily he ignores the notion that, even in his own terms, heavy infiltration of Caucasoid ancestry should have made a marked difference in many persons whom he classes as "niggers." His stubborn, stupid creed is that anybody with that "known Negro ancestor" is a "nigger . . . always would be that and nothing more . . . could not be expected to measure up to the white man's standards . . . by nature inclined to criminal behavior, partly because of his animal nature, and partly because of his irresponsibility and immorality . . .," to compress the late Howard W. Odum's summary of the decent Southerner's belief.

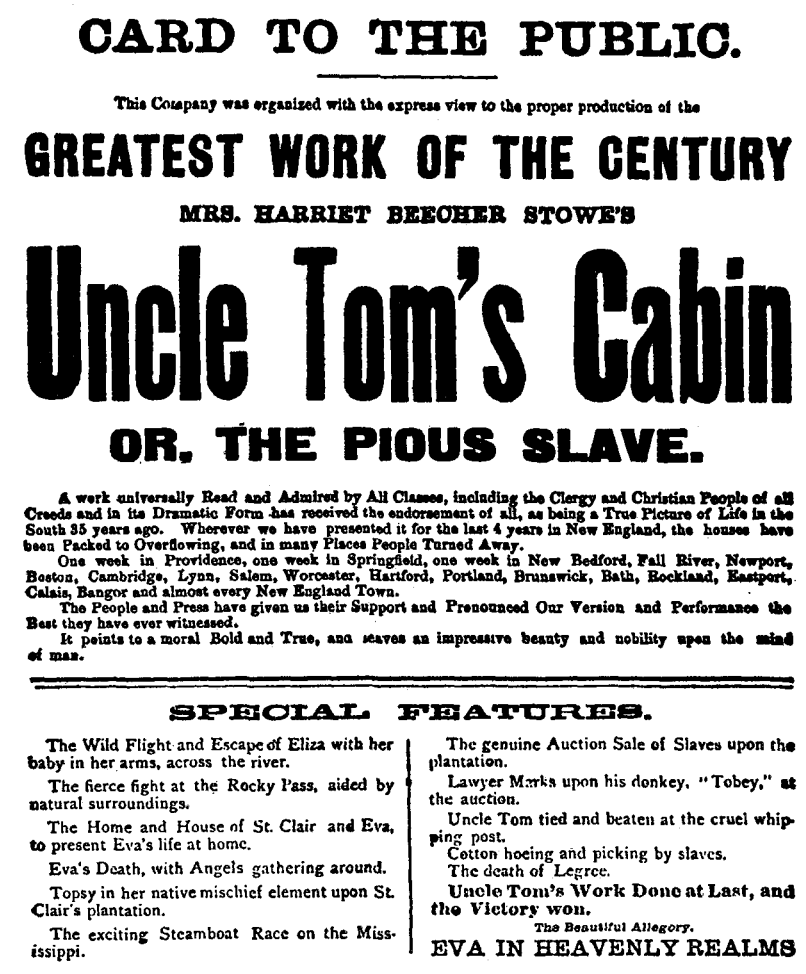
The racist's better-educated, though often half-educated, ally is the eugenist, overaware of the determinism in genetics and choosing to ignore its teachings about chance. His prophet is Galton who, long before Mendel published, became a genetic determinist by analyzing cases in which paupers had spawned paupers and bright, prosperous people had spawned bright, prosperous people. Scientists of the standing of Julian Huxley and the late E. A. Hooton have firmly stated their convictions that a eugenics responsibly based on modern genetics is both possible and most desirable. But to the layman eavesdropping on geneticists their science does not yet feel ready boldly to blueprint mankind. Certainly it needs saying that the eugenist is too often an amateur. Scratch a eugenist and three-to-one you find a crypto-racist.

The third man in this squabble is often more civilized and has small use for the other two. He may be a cultural anthropologist or trustingly take his lead from that school of ethnology that hankers after equalitarian talk and behavior. He believes, or at least preaches, that race is no more significant than blood groups; and that, barring pigmentation, eye color, and a few other such indifferent details, all arbitrary groups of mankind are exactly alike. Rear an Andamanese baby in Andalusia, he says, and it will be as devout a Catholic and as handy with castanets as if its parents were Juan Lopez and Maria Garcia. He insists that all stocks, races, ethnic groups, whatever one calls them, bear the same moral and intellectual potentials, but that these are manifested in varying culture-contexts and with varying tools and materials. So a potential Toynbee or Confucius is just as likely to turn up among Tasmanians as among Chinese or Britons—only there is no use looking now because the Tasmanians have long since been exterminated. In aggressive moods he implies that since human groups get more completely interbred all the time, as blood groups show, it is racist minded even to admit such an ethnic entity as race, however disinfected by relabeling. There stands the *human race,* he says, with a certain generosity of eloquence. All members thereof are brothers and the bare mention of distinctions among them only fosters unnatural feelings, such as color prejudice.

THE definiteness of race, for instance, is now absurdly soft-pedaled in conscientious quarters. But the equalitarian actually plays into the hands of the caste-minded racist. Only when one knows why racial groupings are real can one distinguish properly between the West African Negro on the slave ship in 1705 and his American Negro descendant in 1955 with his Negro physical traits (and his Negro mental traits, if any such exist) modified by the new environment, by stray mutations, and most of all by heavy admixture of Caucasoid genes over the intervening 250 years. The man-of-good-will's objective should not be to over- or understate in the interests of decency and justice for the Negro. He should rather do his best to cease confounding race with caste in his own mind and teach his children—and other people's if he is a teacher—that skin color is a poor gauge of an individual's personal quality.

The antagonists' wrongheadednesses nicely complement one another. The racist exaggerates both

(*Continued on page* 28)



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OR, THE PIOUS SLAVE.

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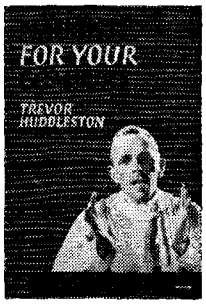

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT"

By STUART CLOETE, *author of "The African Giant."*

IN THESE times it is a great relief to hear from a man who is without doubts of any kind, who sees the world as black and white (in more ways than one), and who has no grays in the sharp etching of his approach. Father Trevor Huddleston, the author of "Naught for Your Comfort" (Doubleday, $3.75), is such a man. He is an Anglican missionary and educator who has lived for the past twelve years in South Africa, and his book is a ringing protest against the racial segregation he has seen in that country.

"I shall write this book as a partisan," he says bluntly, "for I believe that Christians are committed in the field of human relations to a partisan approach." He then proceeds to describe from his own observations the hardships which black Africans now suffer: the economic restrictions, the police brutality, the housing regulations which have, he says, produced squatter camps, and the Bantu Education Act, whose aim, he says, is to see that no African is fitted for more than menial work.

Father Huddleston became a world figure a little more than a year ago when he opposed the slum clearance of the Sophiatown section of Johannesburg, even advising positive resistance. The forced removal of the Africans from the slums to the cottages of Meadowlands, outside the city limits, was conducted without difficulty because the Africans were eager and thankful to escape from their overcrowded dwellings and the exploitation to which they had been subjected. Of this incident Father Huddleston now writes: "I think many people expected violent resistance to removal and were surprised that the lorries moved off to Meadowlands so safely and with such apparently happy travelers." Later he says: "They are happy in Meadowlands. I do not doubt it. For even in a 'location' you can have your family about you and that is a home of sorts, even if it is not your own. It may be far better than the single-room shack you have left. But beneath your happiness you know, or perhaps only feel without knowing it, a deeper uncertainty, a more profound unrest."

I have the feeling that Father Huddleston, deep down and perhaps without knowing it, is sorry that they are happy. He describes the slums, the overcrowding, and the despair of the urban African proletariat. He talks of the god of history but ignores history itself—the savagery of Africa and the inevitable chaos of its transition from the Iron Age into the present. To him the white man is all black and the black man all white. He does not mention the fact that only about four years ago in a riot the urban natives of East London—factory workers and mechanics—not only killed a nun who had spent her life serving the Africans but ate her. He refuses absolutely to compromise or to see anything good in any of the new development schemes. He says: "I am not interested . . . in any by-products of legislation which in themselves may appear to be beneficial to the African." He says, and quite correctly, that some wages paid to Africans are too low; but he does not say that in spite of low wages some African labor in terms of production is the most expensive in the world.

His approach is that of the missionary, and the missionary sees the world through a special pair of spectacles. He is the savior of his people. In his mission they come to him in trouble. They love him. He loves them. Nothing is more satisfactory than love: to retain it he is ready to martyr himself.

PERSONALLY I do not think the question of color is quite as simple as Father Huddleston does in writing of it. I think it is deep-rooted in the early history of mankind, in the distant past where every stranger was an enemy and the various tribes and races of mankind kept themselves pure by inbreeding with their own kind and avoiding all others. Then, added to this almost instinctive biological urge of like-to-like, comes the political problem of those who on either side may wish to break it. But a South African politician would soon lose his following and power if he proposed any measure which might lead to an immediate merging of the races, just as in West Africa any African politician in order to succeed must have an anti-white program.

It is, unfortunately, much simpler to lead people into hatred than into love. It comes easier to them. The difficulty

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—*Black Star.*

MAN WITH A MISSION: In the person of the physically-towering, black-robed Anglican missionary Trevor Huddleston are combined the religious zeal of a famous Restoration clergyman ancestor and the militant zest of a father who was a director of the Royal Indian Marine. After graduation from Oxford's Christ Church College and ordination in the Church of England Huddleston in 1937 joined the Community of the Resurrection, a monastic missionary order. Sent to South Africa about a dozen years ago, he was shocked by what he saw: two million whites living in constant fear while thirteen million blacks lived in fierce resentment. As "Provincial of the Community in South Africa" and as a private citizen he damned the policy of *apartheid* (sometimes dubbed "apart hate"), the politicians who have welded a police state to enforce it, and the timid churchmen who have gone along with both policy and politicians. There were the inevitable repercussions: Prime Minister Strijdom labeled Father Huddleston "a fanatic who is now concentrating on a campaign of misrepresentation to incite the world against South Africa." Others called him a renegade who deserves to be "strung up from the nearest lamp-post." The Government last year withdrew subsidies to St. Peter's School, the "black Eton" of Johannesburg, of which Huddleston was superintendent. Finally he was recalled by his superiors to head up its novice training program (a "routine ecclesiastical reassignment"). Father Huddleston is somewhat consoled by the fact that his "Naught for Your Comfort" (the manuscript of which barely escaped a police raid in South Africa) has in a few short months of its English publication sold 60,000 copies. To carry his crusade against South African oppression even farther he recently barnstormed the United States, including the South. In the style of Emile Zola, the ruddy-faced forty-three-year old missionary persistently reminds our age that the injustices "done to individual African persons made in the image of God . . . must stand condemned."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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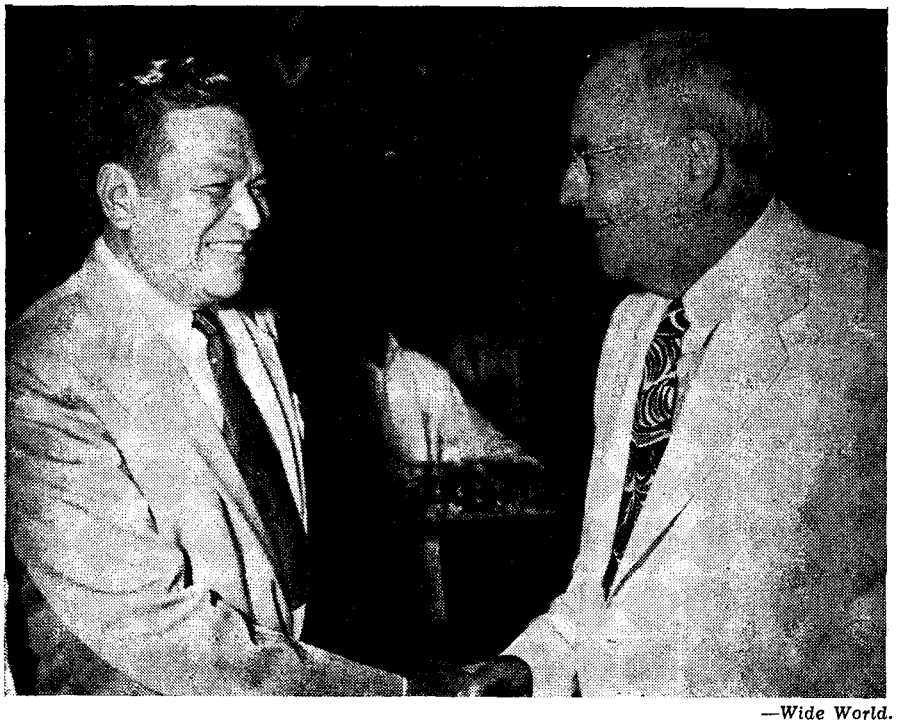
with color is that it is so obvious, that within the colored groups themselves there is some color snobbery, so that the paler consider themselves superior to the darker. This applies even in India, and current legislation there has not, I am told, seriously affected the caste system. This prejudice must be overcome. But the approach should be through culture or standard of civilization rather than color. The minds must meet first. I do not know if all men are created equal. I see no evidence of it. But all respectable men are worthy of respect and consideration and politeness, whatever their color. This has been the white man's failure. He has not inspired respect himself or valued it in others. On the other hand many Africans regard consideration and kindness as weaknesses and take advantage of them.

A CURIOUSLY illogical doctrine that Father Huddleston preaches is that South Africa be expelled from the Commonwealth. But this would deliver his Africans into the hands of the Nationalists whom he so much detests. Another curiosity of his book: that so good a man as Father Huddleston clearly is can see only evil in his opponents. It is possible, as most of the world seems to believe, that his opponent Dr. Dániel François Malan, who fights for segregation, is misguided; but it is impossible to believe that he is evil—unless Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Knox were evil. Father Huddleston seems to run his account book without any attempt to balance it. There is something to be said for the Bantu Education Act. There must also be some reason why Africans from other territories come to the Union of South Africa to seek work if the conditions there are as intolerable as Father Huddleston makes out.

For anyone wanting to know the worst of South Africa this is a splendid book. No punches are pulled. Never has the white man been painted blacker or the black man whiter. But remember what Father Huddleston says about himself: "I shall try to avoid that most common and persistent error in all such assessments—the attempt to be impartial." Contrary to Father Huddleston, I have tried in this review to be impartial. Indeed his partiality has almost forced me to defend a Government whose policy I do not believe to be in the best interest of the African, either black or white. I can see only one answer to the future: partnership and equal rights for all civilized men. It is impossible to close and bolt the door to progress, but it is unwise, as would Father Huddleston, to fling it open wide today.



—*Wide World.*

"The inauguration of incorruptible Magsaysay [here with Dulles] was of prime importance."

This Side of the Iron Curtain

"This Is Our World," by Louis Fischer *(Harper. 522 pp. $5), is a veteran foreign correspondent's survey of what is going on today in the peripheral arc that stretches along the borders of the Soviet empire from the North Sea to Japan. Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The Imperial Soviets" and other books, reviews it below.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

EVERY once in a while a book on international affairs comes along which seems to have everything: authority, scope, action, sincerity, readability, and, above all, ideas. Such a volume is Louis Fischer's "This Is Our World." The story of our post-World War II era, it is packed with descriptions of events, places, and peoples. Only a man with a long, rich background could turn out such a work.

The setting is the peripheral arc that stretches along the borders of the Soviet empire all the way from the North Sea to Japan. The author traveled back and forth over the countries of this area with the exception of the USSR. Since 1938 he has been barred from the land where he had lived many years and that he knows so well. He had written and spoken of the Soviets too forthrightly, and he had to pay the penalty.

There are many actors in the drama unfolded in these pages: Gandhi, Adenauer, Ben Gurion, Tito, Nehru, U Nu, Magsaysay, Masaryk, and a host of others, from prime ministers down to the little people in the slums of East Berlin, the hot, crowded streets of Old Delhi, and the rice paddies of Japan. Louis Fischer is always interested in people, their thoughts, their reactions to events and conditions, their hopes and fears. He is a sympathetic observer and an unusually shrewd one.

Like most such observers of the world scene, the author realizes that man's inhumanity to man, his greed, and especially his stupidity have opened the floodgates to the world's current ills, to totalitarianism, concentration camps, thought control, and the waste of natural resources in the service of war. "I feel that we all, and civilization with us," Mr. Fischer comments, "are being dragged down by a dwindling capacity for indignation; with that goes a reluctance to act against injustice at our elbows, to 'turn the searchlight inward,' as Gandhi advised."

As for the socio-economic-political system in the Soviet Union today, the author thinks it bears little resem-

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blance to the experiment begun in 1917. "Having killed the spirit of the revolution by murdering so many revolutionaries," he writes, "Stalin resurrected the dead heroes of the Czarist past and revived the once-reviled attributes of the buried monarchy. . . . This was an attempt to weave Communism like an invisible patch into Russia's national fabric." As for Communism, he maintains, it is "political cannibalism; it destroys the good intentions of its idealistic adherents and the effectiveness of its liberal fellow travelers." And the new "collective leadership," partners and henchmen of the departed Stalin, are not changing this in the least.

It is impossible in a review even to summarize the contents of so big and compact a book. But there are parts which carry particular impact or have a special meaning for the future. The author's relations with Gandhi, for instance, are tender and revealing. He obviously feels that this simple man of peace was the greatest leader not only of our time but of many centuries, that Gandhi's philosophy, pointing the way to a better life, will live long after us.

THERE is a fascinating account of Louis Fischer's constructive intervention in Philippine politics which, helping bring about an alliance of Laurel, Recto, and Magsaysay, prepared the way for the latter's election to the Presidency. Inasmuch as the Philippines is a key nation in the East-West struggle the inauguration of incorruptible, progressive Magsaysay was an event of prime importance.

Japan, on the frontier of the vast Soviet empire, is of paramount significance to the future of the world. Yet we Americans have not always used the maximum of statesmanship, or even good taste, in our relations with the people of Nippon. "In 1955," Mr. Fischer reminds us, "U.S. armed forces stationed in Japan engaged in artillery practice on the slopes of beautiful Mount Fuji, which the Japanese consider sacred. This is not the way to make friends."

Certainly the most dramatic pages of the volume deal with the East German uprising against the Russians three years ago. This was a spontaneous outbreak staged by workingmen and young people. When the Red army intervened "defiant Davids hurled stones at the giant tanks, pushed logs between their wheels, stuffed bricks, briefcases, and refuse into their cannon mouths, and even clambered up their steel sides and broke their radio antennae."

The unorganized, unarmed East

(*Continued on page* 36)

FICTION

An African's Dilemma

***"A Wreath for Udomo," by Peter Abrahams** (Alfred A. Knopf. 356 pp. $3.95), is the story of a Negro African who leaves his London girl to work for his race through a terrorist movement.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

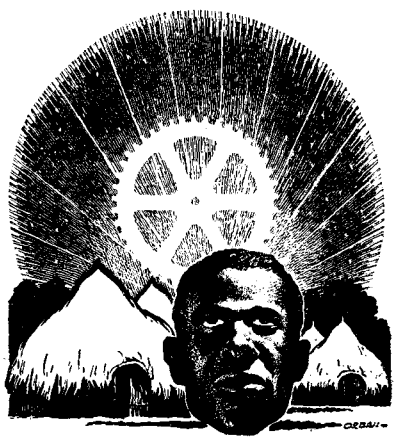
PROBABLY Peter Abrahams's "A Wreath for Udomo" is the most perceptive novel that has been written about the complex interplay between British imperialism and African nationalism and tribalism. The thesis, which is plausibly presented in a novel that makes the reader like running with it, is that there can be no natural human relationships between African Negroes and the best intentioned whites until Africa is free. This, the novel implies, will not be soon, for there are as many conflicts among Africans as there are among the often benign rulers. Although the novel is expertly particularized, it reminds one of Christine Weston's "Indigo," Forster's "Passage to India," Koestler's "Thieves in the Night," and many Irish novels in its fictional demonstration of why potential friendliness between subjects and subjectors is impossible or unlikely. Like these other better novels, it makes us feel what the history of America, Ireland, and India proves to our intellects.

Mr. Abrahams's novel has great virtues. For one thing it avoids propagandistic oversimplification. The chief character, Udomo, wants and works for the liberation of his continent. But what he desires most basically is his own and everyone's chance for happiness. When he is in London he loves Lois, an English girl, and is relatively free of white prejudice. But he cannot deny the compulsions to place above everything else his will to make Africa the peer of all continents. So he leaves Lois and England to work in Africa with the terrorist Mhendi, with the politic tribalist Endura, with the violent tribalist Selina. He fails because British colonialism is stronger and because he comes to believe that the wish for a tribalism that segregates and immures one in the past is even worse than the materialistic but progressive European ideals of the more benevolent among the colonialists. His intelligent efforts to achieve compromise fail, though his defeat promises greater things than the victory that might have come had he descended to demagoguery.

Unlike most modern novelists who write about Africa and our own South, Mr. Abrahams refuses to misrepresent either conditions or people. He sympathetically presents the impractical idealism of Lanham, the terrorism of Mhendi, the tribalism of Selina, the English lord who finds it easy to be "reasonable," the white governors who wish a good-for-Africa that protocol and England's economic dependence on Africa makes impossible.

Though the emphasizes the fact that Africans cannot be fully men until Africa is free, he also shows that "the whites are not enemies because they are white, but because they deny . . . freedom": the reactionary tribalists emerge as worse enemies than the colonialists who condescend. "A Wreath for Udomo" makes one understand the complicated mixture of good-and-bad in Africa nearly as well as Forster's novel about India.

The defect of "A Wreath for Udomo" is that the characters, excepting Udomo, are more personifications of different points of view than people. Reading it one understands the conflicts and the complications without losing sight of the desirable ideal of one world where those who can, can become equals. But the men and women do not seem fully human as they do in the novels by Forster, Richard Wright, and Ralph Ellison that deal with approximately the same problems of misrelations and misunderstandings.



". . . complicated mixture of good-and-bad."

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Sin-Soaked in Storyville

"A Walk on the Wild Side," by Nelson Algren *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 346 pp. $4.50), the new novel by the author of "The Man With the Golden Arm," traces the progress of country-boy Dove Linkhorn through the horror parlors of New Orleans.*

By James Kelly

AS A JAILBIRD named Cross-Country Kline remarks late in "A Walk on the Wild Side": "There's no trick in not going down the drain if you don't live in the sink." From the raw poetry of its beginning in a depression-blighted Texas tank town (1931 A.D.) through the Storyville horror parlors of New Orleans and back again, Nelson Algren's new novel stays with the sink people. We watch them squirm, fight, pander, couple, get drunk, and embroider daydreams that are only slightly less grotesque than the serialized nightmare of their daily lives. As in "Never Come Morning" and "The Man With the Golden Arm," Mr. Algren gives us a bum's-eye view of a social echelon seldom mentioned in specific terms except by the cop on the beat. And in many ways it is a better-made book than any he has written before. The Chicago School of Realism has a new headmaster who frames his materials in back-country balladry and earthy lyricism. Enveloping pornography, as bluntly couched as ever, has now become incidental to the journalist's desire to get the facts and the historian's need to relate them to human affairs. To complete the effect, one could only ask for Toulouse-Lautrec illustrations and Louis Armstrong music.

Not that everybody who reads books will enjoy this guided tour of depression degeneracy and degradation, complete with a full cast of submerged people whom the author regards tenderly and with full allowance for contributing circumstance. *Caveat lector* to the young, the militantly pure in heart, and the old lady from Dubuque. Yet Mr. Algren's way with words, handled with full respect for interior rhythms, and his rich comedic sense help to make "A Walk on the Wild Side" an impressive performance. Prostitutes, pimps, freaks, and half-people wander at will through an episodic plot; but one can't think of a dull one in the lot. And an old abortionist, now occupied with more devious obscenities, speaks for all: "Look out for love, look out for trust, look out for *giving*. Look out for wine, look out for daisies and people who *laugh readily*. Be especially wary of friendship, Son, it can only lead to trouble."

Dove Linkhorn, a ruttish country boy who believes in acts before words, blazes quite a trail for the reader. Leaving Texas by the hobo route following a forcible encounter with a waitress twice his age, illiterate young Dove swaggers into Storyville society where anything is fine if a body enjoys it and can get away with it, from stealing on down. As a gawky stud-bum with yellow shoes, the boy joins a man's world which centers in the houses and hangouts of red-light row. In a way he becomes one of the prominent members of this little community, participating in all its games and divertissements with a zest too violent to be feigned. Some of his best friends are prostitutes, including a former schoolteacher who lives with him long enough to impart a sketchy reading familiarity with poetry. It is quite an idyll among the girls, business agents, sexual freaks, and rheumy-eyed expendables. But the fun falters when Dove is picked up in a raid and joins other oddballs in the local jail. And the fun grinds to a complete halt shortly after his release when Dove and the schoolmarm's amputee gentleman friend meet in a climactic saloon fight that stays terribly memorable in the mind. The worldly indoctrination of Dove Linkhorn, now finished, has nearly finished him. Only the spectre of a country boy remains to be counted, and it may be that Mr. Algren intended all along to arrive at this moral QED.

"A Walk on the Wild Side" will be too rough for frail sightseers, but a participant's backward look at a wild 1931 landscape with figures seems worth the effort. "It's awful when it's like this," Dove thought, "and it's like this now."

—*Robert McCullough.*

NELSON ALGREN is making news three ways this week: Simone de Beauvoir has dedicated her latest novel to him (see next page); he is awaiting public reaction to his own new novel (see above); and he is embroiled in a law dispute concerning his 1949 National Book Award-winning novel, "The Man With the Golden Arm." About the dispute Rex Stout, vice-president of the Authors League of America, has this to say: "For a man [Nelson Algren] to write a novel called the 'Man With the Golden Arm,' to have that novel made into a motion picture, and to have the motion picture advertised as 'A film by Otto Preminger,' is certainly not a pleasant experience and for most writers of novels would be intolerable." It has apparently proved intolerable to Algren, for he has filed a $250,000 law suit in the New York State Supreme Court not only over credit-line difficulty with producer Preminger but also over profits on the film version of his novel.

The suit explains that the motion-picture rights to "The Man With the Golden Arm" originally were sold by Algren to Roberts Productions for $15,000 and 5 per cent of net profits on the picture, with the proviso that if Roberts were to resell the movie rights 50 per cent of such a transaction would go to Algren. As it happened, Roberts resold the picture rights to Otto Preminger and Carlyle Productions, who are currently distributing the film version to the theatres. Algren claims that in this chain transaction no one has accounted to him for any of the profits of the Roberts resale or the film's distribution. Algren also charges that he has never transferred sheet and title music rights to the Barton Music Corporation, who have published a song "The Man With the Golden Arm," with lyrics ("There's no escape, and there's no friend/ How did it start and where will it end?") and music by Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. Though based on the theme music of the film Algren scores it as a composition not up to the literary and artistic standards set by the novel.

Writers and film-trade people eagerly await the outcome of a law suit that might set important new precedents. —S. P. M.

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The World of Ideas and Love

"The Mandarins," by Simone de Beauvoir *(translated by Leonard M. Friedman. World Publishing Co. 611 pp. $6), is a fictional study of the intellectuals, particularly the women among them, in contemporary France.*

By Hollis Alpert

IN France the intellectual probably has more of a defined place than in any other country. He is free to move out of academic circles, out of a coterie, and into the realm of political action. He is a contributor to daily newspapers, uses the theatre as an arena for ideas and ideologies. He aligns himself with the Right or the Left; his affiliations and pronouncements make news; his books can create literary and philosophical fads. Simone de Beauvoir, who is probably France's most intelligent and highly regarded woman writer, explores the milieu of the French intellectual (with an occasional excursion, mainly to delineate an unusual love affair, to this side of the Atlantic) in her new novel, "The Mandarins." It is a lengthy book set in the immediate postwar period and represents her major fictional work to date. It was given the Prix Goncourt in France, and has been a best-seller there. The people she writes about are obviously the people she knows best; they resemble important French literary figures, and at times the disguises she has given them seem fairly transparent. This, however, is beside the point. What she is concerned about is the world of ideas and love inhabited by her characters. She is not equally fascinating about both—at least it would seem so to this American reader—but the portraits she draws have truth and poignance, surprisingly so when one considers how seldom the intellectual provides a congenial subject for a novel.

One of her major characters is Henri Perron, hero of the Resistance, editor of a newspaper that came into being during the Occupation, a successful novelist and playwright who has become a literary celebrity in postwar Paris. When he agonizes over to what degree he should involve himself in the new political formations—by sympathy he feels drawn to the "non-Communist Left"—he is not quite as real as when he involves himself with women. And, while Madame de Beauvoir has striven nobly to provide a picture of the slow disintegration into despair of an elite intellectual group, it is when she is writing about women that her extraordinary flair for psychological analysis is most in evidence.

The political thorns in Henri's conscience, placed there by his need to compromise to keep his paper, ironically called *L'Espoir*, from going bankrupt, are not so acutely painful as are the twinges connected with the women in his life. His mistress for ten years, Paula, a once beautiful woman, slowly sinks into a flabby, spiritually broken shadow of her former self. Madame de Beauvoir is merciless as she chronicles the fate of this woman—this, she seems to be saying, is what happens when a woman gives herself totally to a man. The reward, the end result, is desolation and emptiness. Paula even has to undergo a stretch in a sanatorium until she can emerge into the world again, a shabby world populated by a long series of shabby lovers in each one of which she finds nothing but a reflection of her inner and outer decay.

PAULA is not an intellectual woman, but Anne Dubreuilh, married to an important writer and philosopher, is a woman in whom the mind is predominant, or seemingly so. She is a psychoanalyst, living a limited, although companionable life with Robert Dubreuilh, to whom the writing of books and participation in politics are of paramount importance, and who no longer has any physical need for his wife. They exist on so high a level of understanding that she can talk to him about her love affairs. One of these occurs when she nears forty. On a trip to America she meets a Chicago writer and has, for a time, a late-blooming idyll with him. She is able to give him only a part of herself, and although the relationship has great meaning to her for a time this pattern, too, fails. She must also face

(*Continued on page 27*)

Recently SR *reviewer Laurent LeSage attended a lecture delivered in a smoke-filled hall to students of the Sorbonne in Paris by Simone de Beauvoir, the Number One "femme intellectuelle" of France. He reports:*

—Elliott Erwitt.

It is interesting to watch her as she talks. A large chignon comb of tortoise shell and dangling earrings contrast with the severe tweed suit and prim white collar. She remained seated throughout, her hands with tinted nails folded on the table before her. Without hesitation, she treats her topic according to the rigorous architectural plan expected of all conventional academic presentations in France.

"No literature can be objective," Madame begins. There is no such thing, she says, as literature without a message expressed or implied. "*Ecrire c'est agir!*" Even pretty word-paintings may mislead into a false sense of security."

The students appear to accept the philosophical premise that reality can never be presented in its integrity. But they seem perplexed at the implication that the sunny side is always to be suspected. Madame reassures them. "But we are not pessimists," she says. "What we aim for is a tough optimism!"

The lady professor makes a case for the "efficacy" of literature: Even in the new Chinese state the writer is recognized as a person of vital significance.

But she will not tarry on the subject of literature as propaganda. She wants to get down to the function of French literature. What, she asks, is the business of the French writer, "engaged" whether he wishes it or not and "efficacious" by definition. It is, she answers herself, not to prove nor to contend nor to conclude, but only to state. Two qualities, Madame says, are essential to the writer: sincerity and a sense of responsibility. Here is the dilemma for the intellectual writer. How can he express his personal view of things innocently and spontaneously? The absence of official censorship makes his personal burden a heavy one.

On this note of Existentialist anguish Madame ends her lecture. The students, suspecting that literature is too stout an old lady to be forced into the elegant corset of Madame de Beauvoir's definition, hang around and argue.

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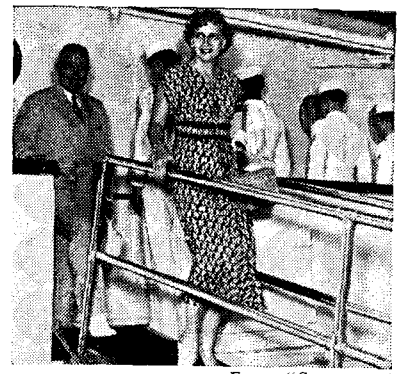
Gracious Girl in the White House



—From "Souvenir."

HST and daughter—"a diary, a trunk."

"Souvenir," by Margaret Truman, with Margaret Cousins *(McGraw-Hill. 365 pp. $3.95), is the reminiscences of the daughter of the former President. Bess Furman of* The New York Times's *Washington staff reviews it below.*

By Bess Furman

LIKE a couple of other Presidents' daughters before her, Margaret Truman has done her autobiographical bit for history. Her "Souvenir" is not merely a footnote but a first-class contribution. Alice Roosevelt Longworth's "Crowded Hours" was so long delayed that dramatic details were dimmed, and the book fell short of portraying her fabulous career as "Princess Alice." Eleanor Wilson McAdoo's "The Woodrow Wilsons" gave but a partial account of her father's years in the White House. And only Miss Truman took the time to analyze the phenomenon which created all three books—the terrific impact on a young girl of having her father suddenly become President of the United States.

Margaret Truman, too, kept both a diary to mark the days and a trunk to catch the playbills and musical programs, campaign train itineraries, and photographs. Her collaborator, Margaret Cousins, thus had an ample and accurate tally on times, places, and people, and could devote her talents to catching Miss Truman's apt phrases and pinpointing her common-sense philosophy.

With a nice mixture of frankness and reserve, Margaret Truman tells how life went with the Trumans in the falling-down White House, in the makeshift quarters of Blair House while the White House was being rebuilt, and, as a grand but rather bleak finale, in the reconstructed Mansion. For good measure she adds the Missouri home town of Independence and shares the ups and downs of her musical career.

Obviously as a reward for doing her historical bit, shriving her musical soul, and passing her patriotic torch along, undimmed, to others, Fate kindly helped Miss Truman along to a happy ending. Her Prince Charming, newspaperman Clifton Daniel, crossed her path barely in time to make the last revision of the last chapter. "Our friendship started on a note of mutual laughter," she says.

Miss Truman gives what probably is the best picture of her mother that will ever be presented, Bess Truman feeling as she does about such things. It is a close-up, terse as Mrs. Truman herself, of an intelligent, valiant woman who gives her time and sound judgment to her husband, her daughter, her mother, and her country—and won't stand for any foolishness about her father, who was born in Independence, Mo., having been born in Ireland.

Margaret sums her mother up in one priceless anecdote. Mrs. Truman was burning her husband's letters to her. Reports Miss Truman, "'But think of history!' my father said. 'I *have*,' said Mother."

MARGARET TRUMAN also adds a ladylike last word as to that famous caustic letter her father wrote to Paul Hume, music critic of *The Washington Post*. The full circumstances of this episode, not told in Margaret's book, nor hitherto anywhere else, were as follows:

Mr. Hume heard Miss Truman's first concert in another city and embarked on a personal crusade to pan her off the stage. So when she came home at Christmas 1947 for a combined family party and Constitution Hall concert he took over in a big way. The society editors who usually write the color stories of White House family parties and describe what the wives of the top brass at Constitution Hall wore were completely silenced. Only Mr. Hume held forth in a massive attack of understatement as to who was there and what went on.

Mr. Hume did not hesitate to say in cold type of Miss Truman's singing, "Hours and years of hard work may bring her reward but nothing else will." There therefore seems no reason for sparing him the blow that I consider him, as a writer of human-interest news stories, in precisely that same position. His two efforts that Yuletide were lousy.

And so—I really regret to report for I usually go along with it—was the news-judgment, that cheery season of peace and goodwill, of the editors of *The Washington Post*. It wasn't that *The Post* didn't know that the White House family is forever human interest. Two days hand-running that week *The Post* had a little dog that was sent to the Trumans—its name was Feller—on the front page, once with picture. Now there have been White House Dogs of Distinction. To name a few, the Coolidge's Rob Roy and Prudence Prim, Mrs. Roosevelt's Meggie, and President Roosevelt's Fala. But Feller wasn't worth a fiddledee-dee—just faded from the picture.

By contrast, a President's daughter singing to her father in Constitution Hall was away back on page eleven, a mere half column below the fold, with no photographs whatsover. Only once before in history had a President ever attended his daughter's concert, and that was when Woodrow Wilson heard his daughter Margaret sing to the troops in France. Mr. Hume didn't even mention that the President was present. *Washington Post* readers will be surprised to find out what happened that night when they read "Souvenir."

Well, three years rolled by, and Margaret Truman did a repeat performance in Constitution Hall. So did Mr. Hume, only he made it even more blistering. No wonder President Truman blew his top.

In her book Miss Truman quotes her diary of the concert night. It tells that Charlie Ross, White House press secretary and close friend of the President from boyhood, had dropped dead in his office—and that fact was kept from her until after the concert. She comments that she holds no brief for her performance that night, but notes, too, that the atmosphere in which she sang "was charged not only with grief but with mystery."

"I think I should have been told that my friend had died," she says.

Then she praises her father's chivalry for coming to her defense.

That is to me the most poignant passage in the book, except perhaps for a sympathetic comment on Queen Elizabeth: "She would be standing in receiving lines as long as she lived."

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Child in the Pit

***"A Cornish Waif's Story," by Emma Smith** (E. P. Dutton. 192 pp. $3), is the autobiography of a woman who survived incredible hardships as a child to achieve a contented old age.*

By Rosemary C. Benét

HOW much cruelty and misery can a child bear? Apparently, from the evidence in Richard Wright's life-story "Black Boy" and from a remarkable autobiography called "A Cornish Waif's Story," children can stand a great deal—more than gently-reared and sheltered people could think possible. If, as according to the current psychoanalytic belief, childhood sets the pattern and leaves deep scars on later life it is a miracle that Emma Smith could come out a sane and apparently unembittered grown-up. It is a tribute to the toughness and resilience of the human spirit. People who think *they* have had a hard and insecure childhood should read about this one!

Emma Smith (a pseudonym) was illegitimate, born in "Redruth in the county of Cornwall . . . a workhouse bastard whom nobody wanted, not even my mother." Her mother was unusually cold and callous throughout her childhood, openly preferring her other, later children, even feeding them well in Emma's presence and giving her only a morsel. The child's only allies were her grandparents and they could do little for her. Her grandfather was blind and they were poor. (Grandfather admitted later that he had twenty-three children "born and christened.") At six or less Emma was farmed out to the Pratts, a loathsome, brutish, organ-grinder and his wife, who kept her in filth, mistreated her, and made her tramp the highways and byways of Cornwall, begging. Mr. Pratt makes Fagin, to whom he is several times compared, seem like Prince Charming. At age nine, after several soul-searing experiences, she was told by her mother, "Nobody will ever like you." Yet in the midst of her miseries she can set down her small pleasures, her delight in the Cornish landscape, in flowers, in songs, ever her touching gratitude when she says once, "I had the same food as the family." At twelve she was finally rescued from what she calls mildly enough "her sordid upbringing" by being sent to a convent "Penitentiary" or Home, where she was the youngest inmate. A penitentiary in England is apparently the equivalent of a reformatory here, and not, as with us, a prison. She describes the daily routine vividly and well.

Actually, there is only one cry of complete despair: when at sixteen or so, she even thought of suicide, "Why, oh, why had my life been so full of stigmas? . . . First illegitimacy, then my place of birth being a workhouse, and now for the rest of my life I must always be trying to hide the fact that I had spent years in a penitentiary." To balance this she tells us at the beginning that what she describes "could not happen in this year of grace, 1954."

One of Emma's touching remarks is that her favorite stories were always "books that were written about some poor child; perhaps he or she was stolen by gipsies or merely lost. In the course of time all would come right." It is with that same feeling, with a sigh of relief, that the reader gets to the working out of *her* life—the solid, if unexciting marriage to a gardener, the brother who turned out well, the three daughters who have "fine careers." Emma Smith is now sixty, lives in Redruth, and seems to bear little ill-will even to her mother, who is still alive, and who she says—again in understatement—is "more to be pitied than blamed."

The distinguished Oxford historian A. L. Rowse, whose own autobiography, "A Cornish Childhood," is one of my favorites, writes the foreword. He says, "It gives us a unique insight—for I know no other such portrait—into a way of life that is totally unknown to most of us." I agree and am inclined to add, "Thank God!" Any writer, even Dickens, would be accused of exaggeration if he told Emma Smith's story. Done by herself, in her own artless way, it is both convincing and unforgettable.

—Jacket for "A Cornish Waif's Story."

". . . the toughness of the human spirit."

Piety and Peacocks

***"Marianne Thornton," by E. M. Forster** (Harcourt, Brace. 337 pp. $5), the author's first venture into biography, tells the life story of his great-aunt, whose life spanned the years from George III to Victoria. George Woodcock, author of "The Paradox of Oscar Wilde," reviews it.*

By George Woodcock

E. M. FORSTER, when he was a small boy in the 1880s, received a letter from his great-aunt, Marianne Thornton, in which she told how she had been taken by her father to the opening of Parliament in 1804 and there had heard George III stand up and address the assembled legislators as "My Lords and Peacocks." To have been young in the reign of the old mad King, and to live into the late afternoon of the long Victorian day—for Marianne died in 1887, the year of the Jubilee—was to encompass an age of social change hardly less sensational than that which has succeeded it, and, in an indirect way, Forster's account of his great-aunt's life is inevitably an interesting document in social history. Yet to the writer himself "Marianne Thornton" is doubtless important rather as an act of personal piety, directed towards the background from which he sprang and towards the woman who, as he tells us, made it possible for him to become a writer with fewer difficulties than he might have experienced without the legacy she left him.

"Marianne Thornton" is Forster's first biography, and many of his admirers will be disappointed that the rarely interrupted silence of his recent decades should be broken by anything less than a new work of fiction. Yet as a biographer Forster has his merits; the delicate psychological understanding he developed in his novels is put to good use here, and his characters are handled with self-effacing competence. Forster shows, too, a pleasing lack of that rage for complex interpretation of motives which underlines the immaturity of most modern academic biographies; he allows his people to speak amply for themselves and expresses his own views in effective undertones. Expert biographers will doubtless call his book amateur; it is so, but its freshness springs from its lack of hampering professionalism.

Forster portrays a personage who was remarkable because, in so many

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Long Claw of Contempt

"Sights and Spectacles," by Mary McCarthy *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 183 pp. $3.50), is a collection of pieces about plays, playwrights, and actors by a spirited critic. Here it is reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch, who covered the New York theatre for many years.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

MARY McCARTHY has a remarkable insight into the weaknesses of others. This is not a clumsy wisecrack but a simple statement of a simple fact. Give her a book or a play or an acquaintance to fictionalize and she spots with unerring accuracy a cloven hoof, an Achilles heel, or a fly in the ointment. And, as the play reviews in her book "Sights and Spectacles" long ago demonstrated (some were written as far back as 1937), her diagnoses are usually sound as far as they go. The fault she has to find is nearly always there. What she says is nearly always true even though it is often only the harshest part of the truth.

Unlike other notable hatchetwomen (Dorothy Parker for instance), Miss McCarthy is not a Sophisticate but an Intellectual. She grew up as far from the Algonquin as from Main Street. She felt as superior to Mencken and Nathan as to William Lyon Phelps. And though time and circumstance cast her in with the young radicals for whom Marxian criticism of "the system" furnished that rationalization of their discontents which the previous generation had found in the war against "provinciality," she never committed herself wholeheartedly to that either. In fact, if she ever discovered what she believed, admired, or wanted she never devoted much time to praising or expounding it. But she can justify her contempt for what she does not like—and that is almost everything including other intellectuals—with telling thrusts and shrewd analyses.

As her preface here frankly admits, this is precisely what *Partisan Review* wanted her to do when it appointed her its drama critic. The editors did not think the theatre important even as a manifestation of decadent bourgeois culture. Just for the sake of completeness, however, they thought it might be well to have its nullity exposed. And for temperamental as well as practical reasons Miss McCarthy, who was looking for an opening, took on the job. She was less than half convinced that her employers knew why the plays and playwrights were contemptible. But she believed (and still believes) that on the whole "American playwrights cannot write" and that "American actors cannot act." They would do to sharpen her claws on, and if anybody wanted to assume that their inferiority could be explained on good Marxian grounds, why let them.

Very few got off with anything so light as the damnation of faint praise. Maxwell Anderson is "essentially a popular playwright distinguished from his fellows only by his ambition." "As Shakespeare has been said to have populated all corners of history with 'deathless Englishmen' so Clifford Odets seems to have resettled America and even China ('The General Dies at Dawn') with citizens of the Bronx." "William Saroyan . . . still retains his innocence. It is as valuable to him as an artist as virginity is to Deanna Durbin. . . . He is still able to look at the world with the eyes of a sensitive newsboy." Tennessee Williams's work "reeks of literary ambition as the apartment [in 'Streetcar'] reeks of cheap perfume." And at least Miss McCarthy cannot be accused of tempering the wind to left-wingers. Lillian Hellman achieves only an "oily virtuosity." "If Labor Stage, Inc. . . . is any barometer of the state of mind of the working class, then America must have achieved a classless society. . . . Its themes, techniques, its perspectives are bourgeois-democratic." Nor does the standard repertory come off much better. "The Importance of Being Earnest" may be Wilde's only sincere play, his "true 'De Profundis'." But what it represents is "an infernal Arcadia." And "if this is hell . . . and if a great deal of it is tiresome, eternity is, as M. Sartre says, a bore." Ibsen's symbolism is "corny"; he was, "compared to the great architects of his period . . . only a master builder."

—Cecil Beaton.

Mary McCarthy—"telling thrusts."

PERHAPS none of these judgments (not even the last one) is unsound in itself. Miss McCarthy nearly always has a real point to make and she makes it. We "know what she means" and it is a genuine meaning. Probably most journalistic critics of the theatre would admit as much and admit that they were as generally anxious to set their subjects in the best possible light as she was to set them in the worst. But it is not certain that their bias always led them any further from the whole truth. As Miss McCarthy says, O'Neill for example is often inarticulate. But is it really true, as she seems to conclude, that he was therefore nothing; that his sincerity, his passion, and his desperate involvement are not worth so much as a nod of recognition?

Her method is one of the safest. If you deny permanent significance to every new book or play time will prove you right in much more than nine cases out of ten. If you damn what others praise there is always the possibility that your intelligence and taste are superior. But if you permit yourself to praise something then some other superior person can always take you down by saying "So *that* is the sort of thing you like." More courage is required to go sometimes out on a limb. And that Miss McCarthy has seldom been rash enough to do. Not even when it comes to embracing even the most impeccably fashionable of intellectual fashions. She always turns up her nose even at those who turn up their noses at everybody else.

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The Nimble Axeman

"Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 293 pp. $3.95), is a collection of notes on all manner of topics jotted down at various times. Joe Alex Morris, our reviewer, recently published "What a Year!" a history of 1929.*

By Joe Alex Morris

DURING the political campaigns of a quarter century or so ago a chubby, little man with pop eyes in a round, red face and a wide mouth twisted over a stubby cigar occasionally could be found among the press corps at a big rally or on a Presidential candidate's special train. On hot days he usually had his coat over his arm, his galluses exposed, his hard straw hat pushed back from his slicked-down hair (parted in the middle), and his handkerchief in hand to mop his moist brow. Pleasant, friendly, and boyishly interested in everything, he looked to at least one young reporter like a slightly old-fashioned country sport come to town for the big doings, but in fact he was Henry L. Mencken, who made a fetish of deriding the uncouth yokels of the Great American Hinterland.

Mencken was perhaps the most puissant figure and the most famous giant-killer on the American literary scene in the restless 1920s, particularly in the eyes of the younger intelligentsia. He chopped with a deadly axe at the clay feet of charlatans, and if he happened to hack a few feet that were not made of clay he seldom regarded the wreckage as any serious loss to civilization. He ridiculed the social mores of his "peasant" countrymen, especially in the Bible Belt, and felt that, with few exceptions, the "booboisie" were of no more significance than "the race of cockroaches, who have gone unchanged for a million years." He scorned democracy, regarded government as "the worst failure of civilized man," and believed it would be "humane to shoot all Presidents on the expiration of their terms" to prevent them from becoming "public nuisances." Or at least he expressed such views at one time or another.

As a critic, as editor of *The American Mercury,* and as author of such a monumental work as "The American Language" the sage of Baltimore was an ardent advocate of rebellious writers as well as the most celebrated fighter in behalf of intellectual liberation during the roaring decade that followed the First World War. He was the intransigent foe of sham, hypocrisy, puritanism, and idiocy whether it was found in novels, politics, religion, medicine, education, war, science, conversation, or the lives of just ordinary people. Nor did he operate from the rear. Mencken could swing an axe with the skill of a duelist flicking a rapier and it was he who struck the first and cruelest blows, who roared loudest, and who gibed most scornfully.

Now, in "Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks," a fascinating encephalograph is made available to Mencken fans to show how his mind worked over the years. It is a spirited record, a book to be sipped rather than gulped at one sitting. Occasionally "Minority Report" resembles a kind of "Poor Richard's Almanac" written in reverse English by a nihilist. "Experience is a poor guide to man, and is seldom followed." "God is the immemorial refuge of the incompetent." "It is not materialism that is the chief curse of the world . . . but idealism." "Men are the only animals who devote themselves assiduously to making one another unhappy." "No one ever heard of the truth being enforced by law."

BUT in addition to such brief bits "Minority Report" includes scores of much longer notes—there are 432 in all—that Mencken wrote whenever an idea came to him and tossed into a bin with the idea of developing them later. "As I grow older I am unpleasantly impressed by the fact that giving each human being but one life is a bad scheme," Mencken wrote in a preface that makes clear he intended the notes to be published. "He should have two at the lowest—one for observing and studying the world, and the other for formulating and setting down his conclusions about it."

His conclusions over a period of forty years are well represented in the longer memoranda in "Minority Report" and it is absurd to suggest that he might have changed his mind about anything even if given another life for observation. "I can't recall ever changing my mind about any capital matter," one of the notes asserts.

Since these were never intended as anything but fragmentary notes the magnificently corrosive style of Mencken in his prime is less obvious. But comparatively few of the notes give the impression of being dated. Hypocrisy and idiocy are still with us and the words written a quarter century or more ago are as potent as ever. In "Minority Report" there is still foam on the Mencken beer.

John W. Aldridge—"a sort of cause."

Literary Laceration

"In Search of Heresy: American Literature in the Age of Conformity," by John W. Aldridge *(McGraw-Hill. 208 pp. $4), is a collection of ten essays highly critical of current writers, critics, and the conditions under which they work. Our reviewer is Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, who is nothing if not vigorous, has assembled ten pieces of his making in his latest work, "In Search of Heresy," the justification of the title appearing in the subheading and in the first two essays in the collection. The first essay discusses the situation of the American writer, which Mr. Aldridge finds both intellectually and financially bad; and the second essay laments the adoption by universities of the principle that they ought to have a writer or a critic in residence. The result, Mr. Aldridge writes, has been the creation of a samurai class of writers and a narcissistic group of readers who never look outside the restricted circle of what it is permitted to them to read. So far my mind goes willingly along with that of Mr. Aldridge. I agree that the universities have instituted "the values of institutional orthodoxy"; and I agree that present "promotion" methods in publishing substitute an artificial "public personality" of the successful writer for the actual person, and that to maintain this artificial personality the cre-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Grand Commitment

ONE hundred years ago this month the distinguished English monthly *Blackwoods* magazine had a complaint to make about the United States. At a time when England stood for the freedom of all against the despotism of Russia, the American people pursued a policy of naive neutrality, declared the *Blackwoods* editorial. Worse than that: we were "coquetting" with an aggressive Russia, it continued, allowing ourselves to be lulled and gulled by the smiles and "sweet words" of the Czar. How was it possible, the editorial asked, that the U.S. could stand aloof from a cause that concerned free men everywhere.

Against such criticism America at the time had a firm reply. We were not turning our back on the democratic cause. Nor were we advancing the ideology of despotism in the world. If we refrained from siding with Britain directly it wasn't because we were callous or indifferent or antagonistic. Our first obligation, we said, was to the consolidation of our own freedom as a nation, then only little more than half a century old. Our policy was to maintain friendship with all peoples who wished to be friendly with us. The last thing we wanted was to be drawn into the age-old balance-of-power disputes and interminable wars of Europe.

For almost ten years now the United States has been engaged in a titanic effort to halt the spread of Russian ideology and influence in the world. An important aspect of the contest involves the attempt to maintain a balance of power—political, economic, military—in the world. But we have been vexed and angered by the inability of other peoples, in Europe and Asia but especially in Southeast Asia, to see the issue as we see it. Words like "Neutralism" or "Third Force," we have contended, are actually synonymous with blindness and unreality. How can a nation be "neutral" towards evil, we have demanded. And when we are at our politest we use the term "uncommitted" to describe the policies of such nations.

The replies of those nations sound as though they were copied out of American newspaper editorials or speeches in Congress in 1856. There is first of all the insistence that each people be allowed to define and decide moral issues for itself. Next, there is astonishment that we should call them "uncommitted." They believe their commitments are deep and real. They have a commitment to their own freedom and national independence so newly won. They have a commitment to overcome the downward pull of 200 years of outside rule that left them with almost total illiteracy and economic underdevelopment. They have a commitment to their own peoples to do some tall catching-up in the modern world. And they have neither the heart nor the resources to become embroiled in any contest between the big powers. If they are prodded to take sides the natural tendency is to turn against the prodder, just as the effect of British prodding a century ago was to produce strong anti-British feeling here.

This doesn't mean that we were necessarily right or wrong a century ago or that the Asian and African nations are necessarily right or wrong now. What it does mean is that it is entirely natural for peoples who have recently acquired national independence to concentrate on their own problems. At the very least we ought to remember how we felt and acted under similar circumstances. Certainly we ought to recall that friends of England in the United States a century ago said Britain was acting against her own interests by condemning us for neutralism. And the evidence mounts today that we are only hurting ourselves by attempting to export our conception of the cold war to areas that have mammoth problems of their own. For our impatience and anger have produced hostile reactions.

Meanwhile the nations of Southeast Asia and Africa are turning the argument back on us, asking why *we* are uncommitted in the struggle of many peoples in those areas to liberate themselves from Western rule.

ACTUALLY, we are all uncommitted—Asians, Africans, Europeans, Americans. We have yet to commit ourselves to each other in a way that will make it possible for the human race to survive. We are, all of us, still conducting the relations of nations to each other as we did 1,000 years or more ago. We are still choosing up sides, still maneuvering and manipulating for the top spot, still thirsting and questing for security with coalitions, alliances, and patchwork diplomacy. We have yet to develop a practical commitment to history that will enable us to see that all these methods have failed as often as they have been tried. And the existence today of explosives which have turned war from a violent struggle for victory to a colossal adventure in total madness and mass suicide—all this has yet to change the habits of nations or the thoughts of the men who run them. At best the world is now betting that the terror will be so great that it will produce peace. In itself this is a form of insanity—like magnifying imbecility in an attempt to produce reason.

Great commitments are needed, but they must first of all be commitments that won't make a mockery of human intelligence. Peace won't be the result of vast supplies of bombs waiting to go off but of specific measures that can bring the bombs under ironclad control. It will be the result not of random distempers in high places but of hard thinking directed to rational ends. It will be the product not of anarchy but of orderly government.

These are the grand commitments. If America is really interested in leadership and world influence it can begin by committing itself to the cause of the human community under a rule of law. Such commitments make sense. The commitments by themselves won't solve the problem. But at least they can chart a course. And they say something to the generations to come.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO COWS, NO SHEEP

I NOTE with appropriate interest that two of the three films Hollis Alpert discusses in his article "Westerns with the Willies" [*SR* Apr. 28] were based on stories I wrote. I hold no brief for what the producers did with or to those stories. But, please, let's have reasonable accuracy of observation.

In "Shane" the "handsome stranger" delivered no "sheepherders" from any menace. They were homesteaders. There was not a single sheep or sheepherder in book or film. Again, in the current "Tribute to a Bad Man" the "hard old bastard" is not a "cattle baron" afflicted with an urge to hang anyone who steals his "beef." He breeds and breaks horses. There is not a single cow or steer in story or film.

JACK SCHAEFER.

Santa Fe, N. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On his way to the zoology course SR has entered him in Mr. Alpert was heard to grumble that at least he knows a good movie when he sees one.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"In my opinion, Mr. Gilbert, this contract is entirely too favorable to Sullivan. In fairness to yourself you should dissolve this partnership immediately!"

WILL ANTARCTICA BE WORLD TERRITORY?

ON FEBRUARY 7 *Le Soir*, the paper with the biggest circulation in Belgium, announced on its front page as its main story: "L'Antarctique Premier Territoire Mondial!" The article argued strongly that "we were now presented with the first serious opportunity to create a world government with a territorial basis, because the aim is practical and everyone can agree on the means to achieve it." How likely is that to be true? As far as the U.K. is concerned, the idea that Antarctica should be declared "world territory" was first put to the Foreign Office in March 1955, when the Parliamentary Group for World Government sent a deputation to see Mr. Anthony Nutting. It was suggested to him then that it could be one of the ways of giving the U.N. real power over a limited area and thus provide an experiment in non-national government, which would put to the proof of practice the persons, constitutions, laws, and checks against potential tyranny of such a supranational government.

Subsequently Henry Usborne and I. J. Pitman raised the matter at question time in the House, but the Prime Minister responded negatively. Meanwhile the preparations for the International Geophysical Year have directed attention to Antarctica, and on January 28 *The Times* published a leader on Antarctic rivalries. That article described the confusion of the present juridical position in Antarctica among the seven countries which have made claims there: Argentine, Australia, Chile, France, New Zealand, Norway, and U.K. It also mentioned that there are thirty countries taking part in the IGY. The article concluded that "if there were clashes the Powers concerned could sooner or later be compelled to come to agreement. It will be far better to do so before the compulsion arises."

In 1948 the USA, which has not yet made a claim, put forward a proposal for an eight-power condominium under the U.N. Two of the countries with claims, one of which was the U.K., favored discussion of this idea. But Argentine and Chile would not agree, probably because they feared domination by their chief rivals in whaling: USA, U.K., and Norway. Since 1950, when Russia started showing interest, the idea was dropped. But correspondence in *The Times* this February gives reason to believe the idea is gaining ground again. Russia is in the Antarctic in any case. Mr. Walter Nash, opposition leader in New Zealand, has proposed U.N. trusteeship for Antarctica. This was backed up by four members of the Parliamentary Group, which in turn provoked Mr. Shackleton, son of the explorer, and Sir Miles Clifford, former governor of the Falkland Islands Dependencies, to express their support too. For what other workable solution is there?

Let us beware of sneering at the apparent lack of use for the "last continent" and its inaccessibility—both reasons, of course, why the U.N. may get it. Antarctica has been compared to a giant refrigerator, where bacteria cannot live, nails do not rust, and colds vanish into the sterile air. Quite a useful monopoly for the world government to possess! But even if the property was described by the agents as "highly desirable"—which science may later show it to be—the chief function Antarctica can fulfil at this period of history is surely to provide an area where nations of different ideologies can learn not only how to coexist, but to cooperate.

JOHN HAY.
House of Commons.

London, Eng.

CORRECTION FROM CBS

I AM REFERRING to Robert Louis Shayon's column "Who Researches the Researchers?" [*SR* Apr. 28], which deals with the showing of Rod Serling's television drama "The Arena" on Studio One April 9, 1956.

1. The timing of a live dramatic show on television is indeed a great problem. Even if the timing at the dress rehearsal is accurate, chances are that the actual performance will vary. Actors may stretch or rush a scene, camera movements may be a split-second faster or slower. You can never be sure.

2. Obviously I cannot argue the merits of Rod Serling's play. I am thoroughly biased. But the credit "Research by—" at the end of the show was given to Robert Serling, an important member of the U.P. staff in Washington, who helped his brother in assembling the authentic material needed for the story and assisted us in making the technical details as accurate as possible. The thing I find rather disturbing in Mr. Shayon's column is the assumption that we would give the author of a dramatic play credit for research on his own material.

FELIX JACKSON.
Producer, Studio One.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Derelictical Materialism

EUGENE O'NEILL was a great playwright who faced the large eternal mysteries of existence and agonizingly penetrated into them, not brilliantly but with integrity. He had a major poet's obsession to deal with essential truth, but not even a minor poet's talent to speak it beautifully and economically. To offset this latter deficiency he had a well-developed, if sometimes too obvious, sense of theatricality that frequently made his works play better than they read.

When his **"The Iceman Cometh"** was first produced on Broadway in 1945 it seemed an overlong, wordy script clouded with mysticism. Its saving graces were that it was the first O'Neill play in thirteen years and had fine character vignettes performed by a cast with Dudley Digges and James Barton. Now, eleven years later, Circle-in-the-Square is reviving the four-hour-long drama, and by determinedly not capitalizing on opportunities for character embroidery or theatricality it has given "The Iceman Cometh" a becoming celerity and directness.

Director Jose Quintero, who in the past has exhibited a tendency to stretch emotions out in his search for reality onstage, here clips them short without losing truthfulness. Jason Robards, Jr. plays the smug drummer, Hickey, as a go-getting salesman who can't sell the best product he ever handled, Death. Farrell Pelly brings Irish stubbornness to the role of the saloon proprietor. And a marvelous cast headed by Conrad Bain, William Edmonson, Addison Powell, Dolly Jonah, and Peter Falk stays wonderfully alive without resorting to melodramatic excesses.

This production invites comparison with "Waiting for Godot," which also deals with derelicts who refuse to kill themselves because of the faint hope that tomorrow they will be saved. But while Samuel Beckett's characters are abstractions O'Neill's are desperately real. And while the story of "Waiting for Godot" is a manufactured demonstration of man's present low estate "The Iceman Cometh" puts its characters into a crucible that tests exactly how low that estate is. True, O'Neill goes on past the point where the testing is over and this makes the last act seem too long. Also his device of having the young stool-pigeon an echo to Hickey is an artificiality which calls attention to itself. Yet for the majority of the evening O'Neill's 1917 world comes fully and richly to life at Circle-in-the-Square.

IN **"The Lovers"** the young, prolific, and versatile Leslie Stevens has made a twelfth-century French romance into a drama of hot blood and suspenseful action combining the erotic appeal of "Forever Amber" with the zest of a Western. Unfortunately, once he has shot his bolt Mr. Stevens is able to arrive at no profound revelations in or significance for his tale. This may be partly because he has not found a way for his heroine to explain how she could be in love both with the handsome lord who exercises his *droit de seigneur* and with the good and handsome peasant she has just married. It also may be partly because the playwright spends an inordinate amount of time on a visiting monk's post-mortem to find out what happened. He fits the flashbacks together in chronological order until he comes to a scene which nobody still alive saw, and for that flashback he resorts to a dream.

Director Michael Gordon and a fine cast including Darren McGavin, Vivian Nathan, Hurd Hatfield, and Pernell Roberts fashion lusty performances that make the play constantly compelling. Joanne Woodward succeeds in playing a nude bathing scene without embarrassment, but seems palely defined in some of the other scenes where more emotional reaction would be welcome. Mr. Stevens is an intelligent and adept writer, but he appears to be the victim of his own facility. Truth that is born easily in the mind of a playwright tends to die easily in the memory of the playgoer.

THE City Center revival of **"Kiss Me Kate"** features a relaxed handling of the improbable plot and a large-orchestra rendition of Cole Porter's lovely and bawdy score. Kitty Carlisle's realistic maturity and David Atkinson's gaucheness add humor to the backstage squabbling, and Richard France and Barbara Ruick make a merry, attractive subplot. The production's only serious deficiency is Miss Ruick's inability to do emotional or vocal justice to "Why Can't You Behave," which is "Kiss Me Kate's" most haunting tune. Otherwise, the spirit of sex for the fun of it seems just right. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Thrills and Spills

THERE have been rumbles of complaint from many quarters about the work of Alfred Hitchcock for quite a while. Mr. Hitchcock, who is aware of practically everything said or written about him, knows that a good many of his admirers want him to return to the kind of film he was known for in the Thirties, notably "The Lady Vanishes" and "The Thirty Nine Steps." However, according to Mr. Hitchcock, "One wouldn't accept that sort of film anymore. Too preposterous. Too many holes in the plots." Upon which, having delivered himself of this crusher, he proceeded to make **"The Man Who Knew Too Much,"** based somewhat loosely on his earlier film of the same title. But now he has added Technicolor to it, and VistaVision, and the familiar faces of Doris Day and James Stewart, and has indeed come up with a plush suspense film in what might be termed his vintage manner. The holes in the plot are still apparent, but I doubt that many people are going to care much, since the main thing is the ride he gives you.

As a matter of fact, I rather suspect that Hitchcock isn't really very much interested in suspense anymore, because what keeps emerging in his movies is the humorist. He loves the incongruous, the grotesque, and the tongue-in-cheek, and I'm sure it must be painful to him that relatively few of his audience appreciated his "little comedy about a corpse" that he made out of "The Trouble with Harry." It seemed like a nice joke to him. Sometimes, though, the joke doesn't quite come off. In "The Man Who Knew Too Much" he scatters a few of his jokes around, and has had better luck this time. For instance, James Stewart, worried to death about the disappearance of his son, is looking for him in a London taxidermist's shop, a place he assumes to be a nest of spies. One feels that Hitchcock left this setting with regret, he was having so much fun with Stewart's entanglements with boar's tusks, stuffed leopards, and irate taxidermists.

But back to the chase he goes, and finally gets to his grand scene in the Royal Albert Hall, where at a certain point in a modern cantata a clash of cymbals will occur, an assassination will take place, the little boy may well be lost forever. But the holes in the plot have now become very apparent, and one may as well sit back and watch Hitchcock toying around with the cymbals, the man taking aim with the gun, the cantata growing louder, the musicians working furiously, the chorus belting away at the tops of their lungs.

The cast is a fine one, the production is lavish, the settings (which include some well-photographed locations in Marrakech) are unusual, but those of us who were delighted with the earlier Hitchcock will never be satisfied completely until he forgets some of those big-budget trimmings. The ones we liked best were the *little* films, holes in the plots and all.

* * *

M-G-M's most recent contribution to culture is **"Invitation to the Dance,"** an all-dance movie directed and choreographed by Gene Kelly. Since this movie represents an innovation for Hollywood, and an important one, all one's instincts are on the side of Mr. Kelly. The movie consists of three unrelated ballets. The first is called "The Circus," and features Gene Kelly as a clown who pines away for the love of a ballerina. No mind, as I watched it, could have been more open than mine. But the fact must be faced. Mr. Kelly is no Jean-Louis Barrault and no Marcel Marceau. It has a few sprightly moments, because of the presence in it of Igor Youskevich and Claire Sombert, but they also point up the embarrassing mediocrity of the director, choreographer, and chief pantomimist.

Mr. Kelly appears in a more modest role in the second, "Ring Around the Rosy," but I became more and more appalled by his use of such notable dancers as Toumanova, Youskevich, Diana Adams, and the clever Tommy Rall. Waste, sheer waste. The third, "Sinbad the Sailor," has Gene Kelly cavorting with some cartoon figures in a parody of "Scheherazade." The technique is clever, but no longer original, and I was left with the feeling that this director and choreographer had only second-rate and derivative ideas for so potentially exciting an undertaking, and that he may well lack the proper respect for the skilled and fully qualified people he employed as co-workers. Ironically, they all, unwittingly, show up the limitations of Mr. Kelly as dancer, too. I'm afraid it's back to the practice-bar for him.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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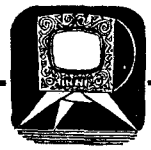

TV AND RADIO

We Want That Man's Opinion

RECENTLY I watched Part 1 of "Report on Africa," the Edward R. Murrow-Fred W. Friendly documentary on "See It Now." The hour-long program had several arresting moments. The most moving was a portion of the Union of South Africa coverage; it dealt with the compulsory exile of an Anglican priest, an outspoken critic of the South African Government's *apartheid* policies. The cleric's quiet, courageous sadness was heroic. Another sequence, in Kenya, reported the voluntary "confessions" (they had all the appearances of brainwashing) of rehabilitated Mau Mau terrorists. Editorially this segment seemed unbalanced, approached exclusively from the official British position.

On another documentary, "Outside USA," Quincy Howe, the ABC-TV news analyst, summed up the Arab-Israeli conflict with an illuminating idea. The Middle East, he said, has other resources than oil. Its great rivers gave birth to ancient civilizations. The land of Canaan could still flow with milk and honey. But nationalism produces no top soil; Communism generates no electric power; even democracy lights no homes. More than arms, Mr. Howe suggested, the Middle East needs constructive economic assistance and technical help. Some weeks earlier in this series the commentator devoted two of his thirty-minute programs to the Soviet Union's "agonizing reappraisal" of Stalin. In the first of the two programs he reported a memorable, cynical statement of Lenin's which casts an amusing spot on the embalmed character of Marx's chief apostle. "Of every 100 Bolsheviks," Lenin was quoted, "there is one real Bolshevik, thirty-nine criminals, and sixty fools."

"See It Now" and "Outside U.S.A." are, at present, the two most wide-ranging news documentary series in TV—in the able hands of two of broadcasting's most distinguished, responsible, and veteran journalists. The ABC program operates on a considerably more modest budget than that of its CBS counterpart; and it is, therefore, less spectacular. Mr. Murrow has more time to plan and assemble his work, and he enjoys a highly competent company of globe-girdling collaborators who take their cameras and microphones where they wish. ("Real history," a contemporary English author has written, "is written in solitude with deep searchings of mind and spirit. Cooperative histories stand halfway between real history and encyclopedias.") "Outside U.S.A."—except for an occasional filmed interview with some notable figure—is wholly dependent on the stock footage of newsreel libraries. Both programs do a welcome job. Yet both are far from wholly satisfactory.

IN Mr. Howe's case, when he tackles a subject close to the top of the news he blocks out a story line, but when he goes to the film files he rarely gets what he really needs. The flow of his ideas must be altered to fit the pieces of film which have been shot by others. The cameramen who provided the raw material were under no assignment to record history and probably had little interest in the subject. But the TV journalist is stuck. The result is a tendency to be chronological rather than interpretive, fragmentary rather than perceptive. Mr. Murrow, to a greater degree, can "call his shots." He can order up what he wants, and often probably he gets it. He can even state a theme at the beginning of a program, as he did in "Report on Africa"—namely, "the most powerful and explosive word in Africa today is freedom."

The element generally lacking in "See It Now," however, is the true development of a theme, once stated. In "Report on Africa" (Part 1) the CBS analyst kept repeating the pattern of the opening section on the Gold Coast. There were characteristic shots and visual highpoints of the different territories and their peoples, and then interviews with leaders or representative Africans. The angle was continually widened, so to speak, but the landscape remained ever the same. The whole work, technically, had no beginning, unfoldment, and end. As variations the several glimpses had their usefulness, but it is hardly the highest function of feature journalism to repeat stencils. Its object should be a certain climactic sense of illumination.

The chief error of the current trend in TV feature-reporting is its failure to narrow down really to a "feature interpretative piece." Consider feature-writing in newspapers, for example. Walter Lippmann, Arthur Krock, Joseph C. Harsch, the Alsops do not attempt to "cover the waterfront" on a news story. They set forth an angle, and they develop it progressively, in depth, to a conclusion.

Perhaps what this observer misses most is some clearly avowed criterion of value judgment of this kind. Many news analysts pride themselves on their responsible "objectivity." They are loath to exploit their privileged positions on the air for the expression of personal views. This is correct in straight news-reporting. It does not, however, fulfil the requirements of the best background reporting. We know the judgment values of the nation's leading newspaper columnists. We read them precisely because we do know. Their particular angle of perception is their contribution to individual and collective understanding of events.

TV news has never captured this personal excitement—while radio did. Mr. Murrow and Mr. Howe were among the finest commentators in radio's best time. But then—before and during World War II—there was consensus; the news analysts spoke forthrightly because they spoke for and answered the deep needs of the nation. TV is a child of its own time. Lacking consensus, it is circumspect. Being "objective," it walks today, in news, with dignity and sobriety (as in "See It Now" and "Outside U.S.A.") but with little of the passion of history. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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By Sydney Kessler

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

the prospect of growing old, an emotionally barren woman.

It is in the figure of Nadine, her daughter, a precociously promiscuous girl in her late teens, that Madame de Beauvoir seems to find some hope. Nadine has her affairs, her fierce rebellions, her period of wildness, and eventually finds her way into marriage with Henri. Their love is tolerant, understanding, productive, but only after each has gone through several emotional storms. Nevertheless, one is left with the feeling that the modern woman has reached a dreary impasse. The very fact that she is a woman makes her a prisoner, unable to participate fully in life except in all too temporary periods of mutual love and child-rearing. For man, on the other hand, there is the world of action and ideas. The battle might seem endless, the purpose obscure, but there are satisfactions to be gained from the sheer participation. Elegant despair hangs over every page of "The Mandarins." It is a book that is dry and cold at times, intimate and warm at others. There is no doubt of the brilliance of the mind behind the writing of it. The men in it are clear-cut and understandable, but it is the women who haunt the memory.

THE WAY OF THE TEMPLARS: Four years ago Steven Runciman's second volume of "A History of the Crusades" appeared. It was a work of great scholarship, but it was also heavy going. Carlo Scarfoglio has now made the going easier in **"The True Cross"** (translated by Frances Frenaye; Pantheon Books, $3.95). Using a novelist's right to select and interpret, he has simplified the story, and in doing so he has done a service to history. Even in his simplification, however, he leaves very little out. His protagonist, one Guido Acconciaiuoco, becomes a Templar, thereby taking us into the Temple and showing us what has happened to that once noble organization.

Because Guido seeks truth, he leads us into the religions of Palestine, the land which spawned religions. Because he loses his moral stability, he paints the dissolute life of Outremer. And he introduces us to its cast of characters: the Leper King Baldwin IV, with his frustrated purpose; Raymond of Tripoli, who might have saved the land but was not allowed to do so; the intriguing, incompetent Guy of Lusignan; the corrupt patriarch Heraclius with his fat mistress; and Joseph, son of Job, otherwise known as Saladin. All this he describes in language that the reasonably intelligent reader can understand, and, despite the fact that not every historian will agree with every interpretation of author Scarfoglio, I myself find that I can now read Runciman's "A History of the Crusades" with greater understanding.

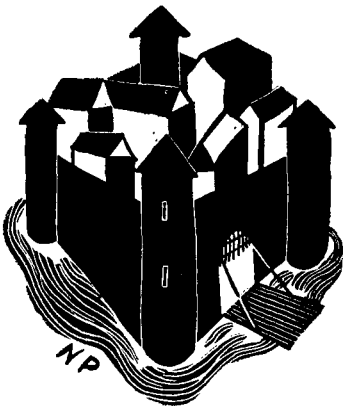
—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

SUBURBAN DANSE MACABRE: In **"The Lady and Her Doctor"** (Harper, $3.50) Evelyn Piper has succeeded brilliantly in investing the respectable reaches of New York's Queens County with the macabre climate of a gothic novel, making it sometimes seem as though Isak Dinesen were writing in the manner of Jerome Weidman. Most of the grotesqueries in the novel are seen through the glazed eyes of Milton Krop, a Jackson Heights general practitioner, and his dim-witted sister-in-law, Jenny. Miss Piper has an uncanny ear for the accents and rudimentary reasoning of her characters (". . . Jenny had been reading about another teen-age murder in the newspapers. There was an article explained these murders and how the atom bomb was partly responsible. The kids nowadays had no future they could count on like in the old days, the article said, and when you had no future you could easy become a killer.").

Dr. Krop is a cropper in every possible way, being low in health, funds, brow, and Hippocratic ideals. Into his life a bit of manna falls in the unlikely aspect of a corpse. The cadaver is that of old Mrs. Folsom, a local recluse, who leaves behind a mansion worth $110,000 and a spinster daughter with some interesting delusions. What happens when Krop tries to make the most of this situation and become a kind of Jackson Heights Kringelein is the subject of an acidly satiric, macabre, and frequently funny *tour de force.* —MARTIN LEVIN.

ALSO NOTED: **"Marjorie of Scotland"** Pamela Hill (Putnam, $3.50) retells the little-known fourteenth-century story of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, and his daughter Marjorie, who led a rootless wartime existence and endured capture by the invading English until they were vanquished at Bannockburn. Even then tragedy continued to stalk Marjorie as she provided an heir to the Stewart line but was fatally thrown from a horse. As in "The King's Vixen" and "The Crown and the Shadow," Miss Hill displays talent at bringing people and events to life in all their complexity.

"The Fourth World," by Daphne



Athas (Putnam, $3.75), gives readers a look at life at the Canopus institution for blind children, where pedagogical battle lines are drawn between an ultra-conservative director and more modern-minded teachers. Unreasonable discipline, a scandalous pregnancy, and a suicide bring about a riot that forces much-needed changes. Miss Athas has worked with the blind and captures their strange sensory world in a novel which verges on the macabre.

"Two Soldiers," by Paxton Davis (Simon & Schuster, $3), contains two short novels. The setting for "Ledo" is muddy, rain-soaked Burma, where Private Goff, weary of driving a bulldozer, goes over the hill and into the jungle after accidentally killing an officer. He faces a moment of crisis on finding a wounded soldier, returns him to safety despite certain death by courtmartial. In "Myitkyina" Sergeant Baker repents of previous cowardice by unfreezing his trigger during a baptism of fire, thereby saving a buddy. There is competent storytelling here, but the reader's emotions are rarely enlisted.

"Varvara," by Dennis Parry (Reynal, $3.50), is an urbane novel about an Amazonian beauty born in darkest Asia who comes to England to claim a slice of her grandfather's estate and to make her way in society. By the time the question is resolved as to whether Varvara was born in wedlock or out the reader is either convulsed with laughter or asleep, depending upon his taste for eccentric and bawdily sophisticated characters.

"The Keepers of the Walls," by Helga Harrison (Dial, $3.50), is a sort of peepshow into the life of an amoral woman surrounded by husband, children, and lovers. The author, a newcomer, has thrown away this potentially interesting situation in a long-winded, talky tale that gives only spurious clues as to what made her heroine tick. —S. P. MANSTEN.

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Goodbye to Uncle Tom

Continued from page 12

physical and mental differences while refusing to admit that the only decent thing to do about such things is to try to reduce them where they are harmful and to let the individual make the best of them where they are harmless. The Southerner, probably wrong in assuming innate mental inferiority in Negroes, is certainly wrong in increasing the assumed handicap by scamping education for the Negro. In the other camp the equalitarian comes as near as he dares to denying mental and even physical differences, which creates a barrier of disillusion between whites and some sorts of Negro and between some Negroes and whites from whom they seek fair treatment.

THE unsatisfactory nature of known "intelligence" tests helps to promote unseemly squabbles. So far psychology has been unable to devise extracultural tests not suspect of obscure unfairness to one or another cultural group. As for the standard IQ tests now familiar to most people, they are, as Lord Hailey said long ago, useful tools for educators in gauging relative potentials within a group but of little reliable help to the anthropologist studying man as such.

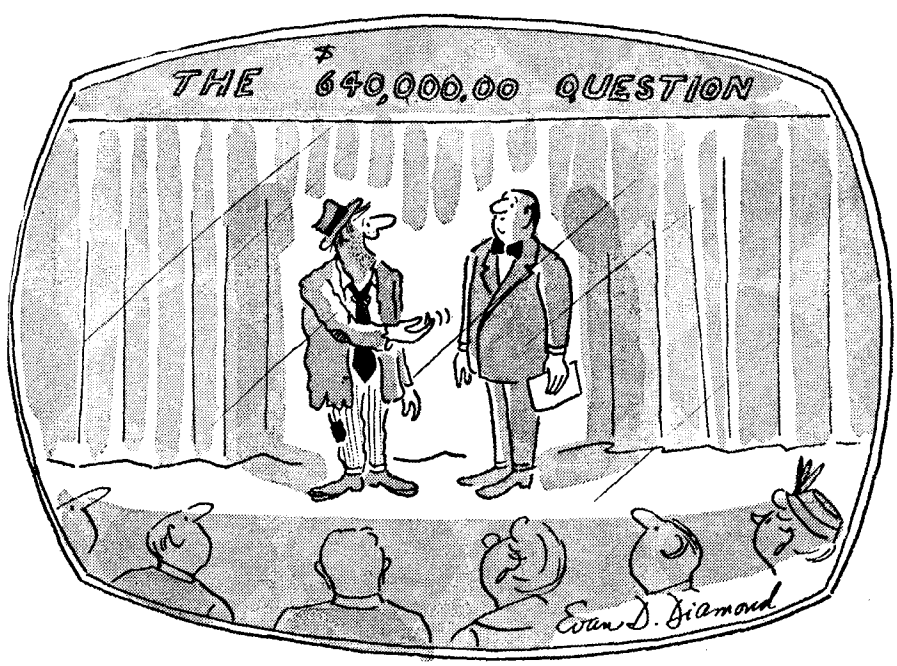
Yet that is no reason for not using them, with all indicated discount. For almost forty years now scientists have been raking over the elaborate studies of soldiers' IQs made in World War I. Data therein can be made to show that American Negroes from Northern states tested brighter as a group than whites from several Southern states; that American whites as a group tested brighter than Southern Negroes; that Northern Negroes as a group tested brighter than Southern Negroes. But mainly they show that ingenious men, even when dealing honestly, can reach a wide range of conclusions from the same mass of facts. Subsequent research has shown that markedly better environment may improve a child's IQ to a degree implying great importance of nurture in the growth of intellect. But to what extent this works through emotional-intellectual stimulus and to what extent through physiological factors, such as better nutrition, is not clear. Findings as to whether Negro IQ varies with apparent Caucausoid admixture are vague and confusing.

One of the few solid findings is that the *range* of IQ in American Negro children is the same as that in Caucasoid children—that is, all the way from imbecility to the upper-limit IQ of 200 popularly hailed as "genius." The Negro girl who attained that score, also doing miraculously well in ancillary tests, shows no physical signs of Caucausoid ancestry; nor do her parents. Even more significantly, the search that turned up her case also found a substantial number of American Negro pupils in Chicago public schools with IQ well above the 135 mark usually taken to betoken exceptional intelligence. There were, as psychologists have pointed out, fewer of them per thousand pupils than is usual among Caucasoids. But if IQ scores mean anything at all—and their worst enemies usually allow them some validity under responsible interpretation—these really do make fools of the large sample of Southerners who not so long ago expressed the opinion that *no* American Negro could be more intelligent than the average among whites. They cannot even plead that American Negro children with that order of IQ probably have some "white blood," because they have always maintained that any touch whatever of the tarbrush means "nigger" and inferiority.

Equalitarians use such information to back their theory that the several grand divisions of mankind, and their subdivisions, show the same intelligence both on the average and in the aggregate. This is not justified. Once allow that intelligence (however defined) varies as between individuals and is to some extent determined genetically, which few geneticists would care to deny, and a race of relatively higher average or aggregate intelligence is readily conceivable.

A race distinctly stupider than another is just as conceivable. Nothing in genetic theory rules out the possibility that when the slave trade began the Negro gene pool was a touch inferior to the Caucasoid in intelligence genes and that this assumed lower level was still reflected in the average lower level of Negro IQ in World War I. Another possibility is that the poor devils of Negroes whom their own people sold into slavery averaged duller, as well as personally unluckier or more unpopular or slower afoot, than those left in West Africa. Julian Huxley, a great geneticist, while pointing out that he lacks scientific demonstration for his views and duly insisting on the wide *range* of intelligence within races, nevertheless calls it "wholly probable that true Negroes have a slightly lower average intelligence than the whites or the yellows." Perhaps something of that sort was trying to show up in those World War I IQ scores, particularly those from tests intended to put illiterates on the same footing as literates: in them the relative standing of Negroes markedly improved but was still definitely below that of whites.

But a group inferiority loses most of its apparent meaning when the variations within the group are wide. American Negroes with IQs between 135 and 200 are obviously better able to profit from higher education than are the great majority of Caucasoids, and the profit must often be society's



"Continue nothing! I'll take the two bucks!"

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as well as theirs. For instance, nobody acquainted with the work in social sciences of Frazier, Woodson, Eric Williams, and C. S. Johnson has further reason to doubt the educability, not to say intellectual prowess, of American Negroes.

American attitudes about sharp cleavage of opportunity between the white and the American Negro castes seem sillier still in view of Herskovits's finding, a generation ago, that over three out of four American Negroes had some non-Negro ancestry, often Red Indian, oftener Caucasoid. After running a small sample to check Herskovits's results Stern recently judged that "probably by 1980 there will hardly be a single Negro in the United States who can claim a purely African descent." From Boyd's blood-grouping data he estimates that "about two thirds of the genetic building material of the United States Negro comes from Africa and about one third from Europe." Whatever the ratio may be, the Negro gene pool that came piecemeal out of Guinea to the New World has obviously been massively diluted in the United States, hence much reoriented in any gene-influenced traits, intelligence included. Since intrusion of Caucasoid intelligence genes (if such exist) can hardly have lowered average quality, the level can only have been raised or stayed the same, depending on one's guess at original relative standing. At worst this race mixture must also have increased the range of possible variations.

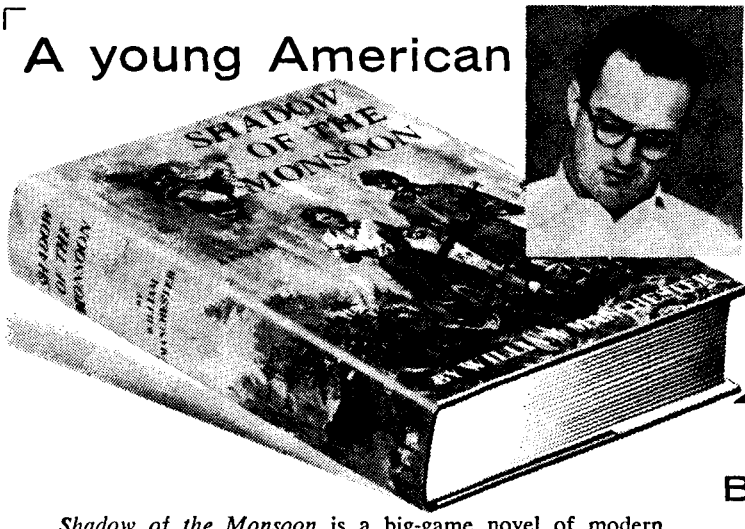
PERHAPS incidence of genius-level IQ among American Negroes may never equal that among American Caucasoids proper, though, in view of the abysmal lack of knowledge here, only a fool would rush into that one. On the other hand, Goodman's groups of New England nursery-school children from "mixed" neighborhoods showed Negro male IQs ranging from 80 to 132; Caucasoid male, from 84 to 133; Negro female, from 93 to 137; white female, from 90 to 145. This is an excellent illustration of the contention of the psychologist Anastasi: "When the distributions [of behavior traits] of any two biologically or culturally differentiated groups, such as the sexes or 'racial' and national groups, are compared the *overlapping* is so large as to render any difference between averages of doubtful significance."

Obviously caste robs society of the full abilities of the few or many American Negroes with IQ above 135, the indispensable leaders in research and the arts, of whom no society ever has enough. Somewhat less obviously caste prevents getting the most output man-hour from inadequately trained and emotionally maladjusted American Negroes in the go-to-135 range of IQ, which includes the people who do the everyday work of the world on various levels of skill and enterprise. And perhaps most damagingly it so neglects the below-90s that an unnecessarily large proportion of them are bound to fall by the wayside of technological advance and, in one way or another, become either public charges or clogs on the economy. In no category does the denial of full educational and economic opportunity to Negroes make sense.

And the morals of it are atrocious. How can one make a presumed lower average mentality excuse for perpetuating a pariah caste?

One good thing about World War II: it developed information on the educability of the American Negro that goes far to hearten the side of the angels—those believing that any gaps in averages between Caucasoids and Negroes are almost altogether of

A young American



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cultural origin. The U.S. Army set up Special Training Units for training illiterates (defined as those unable to meet fourth-grade school standards) in reading and writing by the most intensive modern techniques. Hopeless cases—those unable "to meet graduation standards in the prescribed period of time"—were discharged after a number of weeks deemed adequate to sort them out. These units taught both American Negroes and Caucasoids in numbers adequate to statistical validity. Of Caucasoids enrolled 14 per cent were discharged as hopeless. Of American Negroes only 12.3 per cent were discharged as hopeless. A Negro scholar justifiably calls this a "shattering blow at racists."

THE WAY we American Caucasoids spell out caste values would often be funny if the context were less brutal. American Negroes tell me that in parts of our country a turban made of a bright scarf will get them restaurant service that would otherwise be denied. On the same principle some learn to jabber a little French or Spanish. A formidable and definitely dark-skinned lady whom I met in West Africa often visits the United States with her sons. They have little caste trouble, even in a certain former border state still full of Jim Crow, because at the first sign of hesitation in desk-clerk or head-waiter they gabble among themselves in the tribal language of their home region. This staccato demonstration that they are exotics, hence exempt from the caste system, usually procures them rooms, table, or service. Nor is this new. James Weldon Johnson noted the same thing ironically as of forty or fifty years ago.

We Americans were no more to blame than any other sentimental mass public for the affliction visited on us in the shape of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We have even been specially penalized for admiring it by having had to live with the consequences of taking it seriously. But we are much at fault in having failed to outgrow Mrs. Stowe's puerilities as we have outgrown the naïvetés of the "temperance movement" and the use of the hickory in schools. And we owe a heavy and peculiar national penance for having inflicted the old Tomshow on ourselves.

We are not uniquely to blame for our barbarities toward American Negroes. Given human orneriness in such circumstances, such caste values are bound somehow to appear. England is showing the same reflex, in a form that sounds dismally familiar, as West Indian Negroes coagulate in Cardiff, Liverpool, and London. But we have been and still are much at fault in persisting in exculpatory lies about slavery and the innate limitations of Negroes.

Even so, regret of our gullibility and presumption need not swindle us into guilt feelings about the original crime of slavery. It was not I who bought the naked blacks from the barracoons of Goree and Old Calabar. Those who did that are long since dead and gone and doubtless frying in hell, though some of them may not have been such bad fellows. It was not the American Negro visible today in Harlem or Sunflower County who survived the middle passage chained 'tween decks in his own slippery filth. He too died long ago. His grandson was freed by an economic and political tangle and a war that had some aspects of decency. Our continuing crime, however, which we do personally and daily commit, is countenance of the caste system that resulted. The Supreme Court's recent action, state and local FEPC, and integration in the Armed Forces are all good omens. But the Caucasoid-American Negro "either-or" is not as near extinction as by now it should be. We did not invent it. But we middle-aged Americans are the first generation privileged to be sure that it is an emotional and moral stupidity. In just purely despising "niggers" Grandpa at least had the excuse of not knowing what psychology, hematology, genetics, and the accumulating results of higher education for American Negroes now tell about their capacities and the place of Negro genes in the national gene pool. We have no such excuse.

The only decency is to let the American Negro find his own level according to the luck and genes chance gave him, without caste pressures to keep him underdeveloped or overstrained. To do anything else amounts to that silliest of blasphemies, trying to play God. As each succeeding generation learns a little more impressively through a growing body of research that a sizable and growing proportion of itself consists of crypto-Negroes race feeling may pass less virulently to the next generation. If our progeny does manage this it will be a very rare thing—intelligent popular use of a statistical generality.

Teach your children *not* that "Negroes are just like everybody else." That is untrue, thanks to the hangover from slavery, caste segregation, and perhaps—barely possible, though very unlikely—to minor differences innate in most American Negroes. Teach them instead that there was just as much difference between George Washington Carver and the chuckleheaded, chicken-stealing original of the funny-paper stereotype—who really existed and still does—as there was between George Washington and the verminous English pimps transported to the Virginia plantations. Teach them to respect persons, not preconceived notions about them—not even preconceptions that feel generous.

Your Literary I. Q.

ANGELS ALL AWARE

Conducted by John T. Winterich

Lots of angels in book titles, it seems, as well as in the theatre. Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, La., offers several such, together with the jumbled names of the authors. She asks you to match the ones with the others. Order is restored on page 32.

1. "Band of Angels"	( ) Roark Bradford
2. "The Dark Angel"	( ) Pearl Buck
3. "Michael and His Lost Angel"	( ) Norman Douglas
4. "Angel Unaware"	( ) Kenneth Fearing
5. "The Third Angel"	( ) E. M. Forster
6. "Where Angels Fear to Tread"	( ) Anatole France
7. "Angel Pavement"	( ) Patrick Hamilton
8. "Angel Arms"	( ) Du Bose Heyward
9. "The Revolt of the Angels"	( ) Oliver Wendell Holmes
10. "Angels and Earthly Creatures"	( ) Sir Henry Arthur Jones
11. "The Angel With the Trumpet"	( ) Ernst Lothar
12. "Angel Street"	( ) Arthur Machen
13. "Fighting Angel"	( ) Coventry Patmore
14. "The Angel in the House"	( ) J. B. Priestley
15. "Angel"	( ) Dale Evans Rogers
16. "The Three Headed Angel"	( ) Mika Waltari
17. "The Angel That Troubled the Waters"	( ) Robert Penn Warren
18. "The Guardian Angel"	( ) Jerome Weidman
19. "The Angel of Manfredonia"	( ) Thornton Wilder
20. "The Angels of Mons"	( ) Elinor Wylie

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The Distaff Side

Continued from page 19

ways, she represented without rebellion the best aspects of the world in which she was born. Materially it was an easy world; Marianne's father was a financier, and her brother helped to found the still prospering bank of Williams Deacon. Spiritually it was a world secure in the literal dogmatism of the early nineteenth-century evangelicals. And socially it was almost unbelievably self-satisfied, combining incongruously, under the intellectual mentorship of William Wilberforce (a friend of Marianne's father), a concern for the bodies of slaves and the souls of the heathen with a confidence in the divine origin of the class structure of contemporary English society.

Adoring Wilberforce and Hannah More (another intimate of the Thorntons), Marianne developed into a warmhearted, sharp-witted perpetual spinster, devoted to good works (provided they did not encourage discontent) and recording family history in that profuse volubility of diary and letter which came easily to so many ladies of her age. She clung doggedly to the beliefs of her youth, and, though she moved on the edge of the Darwin circle, refused to admit the possibility of evolution; her determined illogicality on this point is best illustrated by her remark that "it must quite confute the Darwin theory that we inherited things from animals if F. Galton proved we got them from our fathers and mothers!"

Yet, perhaps because she felt so secure in her world, Marianne was able to look upon it with a goodhumored and at times almost a satirical detachment, and often her descriptions of incidents open like tiny glittering spyholes on the past. Her guardian, Sir Robert Inglis, ingeniously thwarts the attempts of Queen Caroline to get into Westminster Abbey, where George IV is being crowned in truculent self-sufficiency. Tennyson wanders amiably through one of Marianne's charity schools and leaves half a crown to buy sugar plums for the children. And in 1828 Marianne herself visits Wilberforce and describes to her sister Henrietta the oddities of his devotional practices. There, among the desultory psalmody of his family, the old abolitionist stands, "waving his arms about, and occasionally pulling the leaves off the geraniums and smelling them, singing out louder and louder in a tone of hilarity: 'Trust Him, praise Him, trust Him, praise Him ever more.' Sometimes he exclaims, 'Astonishing! How very affecting! Only

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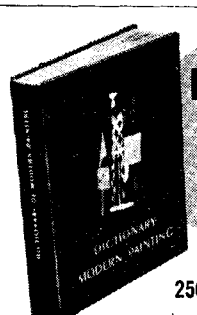

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think of Abraham, a fine old man, just a kind of man one should naturally pull off one's hat to, with long gray hairs, and looking like an old aloe—but you don't know what an aloe is perhaps; it's a tree—no a plant which flowers. . . .' "

Indeed, so much of the vividness of "Marianne Thornton" comes from the subject's own writing that at times one forgets the biographer and so pays an unconscious tribute to Forster's artistry. "Marianne Thornton" is not one of his great books, but, like almost everything he has written, it has the inexplicable competence of high literary craftsmanship.

THE RED CROSS AND MISS BARTON: Clara Barton has already been the subject of several biographies. Now Ishbel Ross offers another, **"Angel of the Battlefield"** (Harper, $4), based on "27,000 fresh items" from the Library of Congress. As told by Miss Ross the poignancy of Clara Barton's childhood stands out boldly. "Sunk in timidity and self-abnegation," Clara found in her father the "dominant force" in her life. Baffling to her mother was this girl "who had eerie dreams, saw rams in the clouds, grew hysterical in thunder-storms, fainted when she saw an ox being killed, was too shy to make known her wants—that her gloves had worn out, that she froze in church—yet rode like a demon on horseback and had sporadic bursts of daring." ("Clara's later breakdowns," notes Miss Ross, "were invariably preceded by loss of speech.") But it was her cause that made Miss Barton rather than her pain. "Throw responsibility upon her" was the advice of a phrenologist to her mother; not until 1861, however, when she was almost forty did Clara Barton take up the responsibility which ultimately brought her into the Red Cross.

Names like "Mother" Bickerdyke, Helen Gilson, Mrs. Husbands, and Mrs. Arabella Barlow remain part of the Civil War story. It was Miss Barton's distinction, however, to preserve her role as angel of the battlefield, and for the rest of her career she played it on the national and international stage. Largely through her efforts the United States became a signatory to the Geneva Convention of 1882, thus advancing the Red Cross organization in this country. She made the Red Cross a familiar institution to Americans and, indeed, made herself synonymous with the

Red Cross. By the end of the century Russia, Armenia, and Cuba had learned to appreciate Miss Barton and her organization. But critics had also risen. These charged Miss Barton with incapacity. A bitter four-year quarrel ended with Miss Barton's defeat in 1904.

Miss Ross has written a clear, swift, and readable narrative. But, unfortunately, "Angel of the Battlefield" shows signs of haste. The organization of the chapters on the Red Cross years would have been effective had Miss Ross arranged them topically, and her writing is free neither from outworn expressions nor occasional coyness. Here and there one encounters an error in fact, and she tends to present the critics of Clara Barton as a solid group. The formidable qualities of such an opponent as her successor, Mabel Boardman, a new prima donna, are not discussed, at length, and as a result the reader never fully realizes what Miss Barton had to face before she was forced into retirement.

—WILLIAM Q. MAXWELL.

OLD LADY OF THE MOUNTAINS: There are so few practising rugged individualists left in this modern, conforming world of ours that it is a distinct treat to meet one, especially when it happens to be an octogenarian grandmother. In **"Dear Mad'm"** (Norton, $3.50) Stella Walthall Patterson relates in a crisp, detached manner how—but not exactly why—at the age of eighty she permanently forsook her relatives, friends, and the metropolitan pleasures of San Francisco for a rickety cabin on her mining claim high in the vast timber forests along the Klamath River in the Siskiyou Mountains of Northern California. Her immediate neighbors (more than half a mile away) were the eccentric giant garlic-nibbler Frenchy and two young men, uncommunicative Dearsir and tall friendly Up'nUp, who panned gold and sort of looked after Dear Mad'm. Of course, there were many other "companions" living about, including the rats who tenanted the attic, a herd of smelly shanty goats, Pete the obnoxious mule, Vicki the little English shepherd dog who routed a buzzing rattler, and an unexpected cougar Dear Mad'm killed with the boys' big gun. When Dear Mad'm "adopts" Up'nUp's wife, Nora, and baby son, Benji, because she feels they need her, one wonders about the real family she left behind. Mrs. Patterson at eighty views life with a severe simplicity. "A rainy day in our mountains is as beautiful in its way as a sunny one. Wisps of filmy cloud drift among the great pines and cling here and there to the peaks. The evergreens glisten with moisture and the madrone trunks and limbs turn to burnished copper.

There are warmth, the comfort of an old chair that creaks companionably when you move, books both new and old, and an adoring dog. How could anyone wish for more?"

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

REFUGEE FROM MANHATTAN: Actually **"Guestwood Ho!"** by Barbara Hooton as told to Patrick Dennis (Vanguard $3.50), is not as bad a job as its coy title and its jacket blurb (wherein its author is proclaimed as the possessor of a "delicious wit") would suggest. But it is still a fairly unprovoked essay in biographic whimsy-ho which leaves the reader, if he has pursued it to the end, wondering why all the backing and filling amongst the tumbleweed to discover that New Mexico is a fairly compelling residential area and that life beyond the wide Missouri is, for some people, more satisfactory than life in the Maisonette Russe at the St. Regis. Mrs. Hooton and her man Bill, who are the protagonists in this latter-day Iliad of the station wagons, remove themselves from a Manhattan symbolized by Bergdorf Goodman to undertake running a dude ranch somewhere within seltzer-squirt of Mable Dodge Luhan's Taos. They make a near go of it economically, are assailed by doubts, revert briefly to glimpses of El Morocco and the Theatre Guild, which confirm their suspicion that The West is better, and finally, and presumably irretrievably, turn their faces to the setting sun, returning to the old adobe and the complaining dudes. Anything is better than trying to flag a New York taxi on a rainy day.

Well, so it is. Many folks have so discovered, but whether it is worth the soul-searching of Mrs. Hooton assisted in her delicious wit by the creator of "Auntie Mame" may be open to debate. —LUCIUS BEEBE.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 16, 13, 19, 8, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 3, 11, 20, 14, 7, 4, 2, 1, 5, 17, 10.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 21

ative capital of novelist and poet has seriously diminished.

After that Mr. Aldridge and I part company. We part company for two reasons. One is Mr. Aldridge's unfortunate style. Here is a representative sentence from page 128:

> No one, as a rule, feels himself entitled to examine such a work after this ailment sets in—in fear, one supposes, of discovering the ailment to be merely psychogenic in origin—and since we have no higher board of criticism before which the work is required to pass, it usually proceeds on its way to distinction or extinction firmly capsulated and virginal.

And here is another one from pages 70-71:

> All those occasions on which the term has been used with opprobrium or forced into a loaded synonymity with Mme. de Staël's ceremonials at courts, Mrs. Vanderbilt's hypocrisies at tea, or Mr. Eliot's "pleasing archeological reconstructions," we must now assume to have been improper occasions, the work not of disinterested minds but of those in whom the very suggestion of manners evokes nightmares of class distinction and minority group, pogrom and ghetto, and whose willed misunderstanding of their meaning is politically requisite to a continued rational engagement of contemporary life, the preservation of what we tend to think of as the liberal-egalitarian or "whole" view of reality.

"Distinction or extinction firmly capsulated and virginal"! "Nightmares of class distinction and minority group, pogrom and ghetto"! "Continued rational engagement of contemporary life"! Surely phrases like these are the very ecstasy of bad prose. Surely a writer with an ear for the finer modulations of English would not be guilty of "forced into a loaded synonymity with Mme. de Staël's ceremonials at court" (pray, what ceremonials at what courts?) or "Mrs. Vanderbilt's hypocrisies at tea," a charge against Mrs. Vanderbilt which springs tigerlike and without occasion from the verbal jungle of this essay. What is a "loaded" synonymity? For that matter, what in this context is synonymity?

Mr. Aldridge's style is, then, on occasion distressing; and also I am not persuaded that literary conformity is cured by critical bad manners. I think it is critical bad manners to write of Ira Wolfert that his gift for exploiting the moment "has enabled Mr. Wolfert to elevate meretriciousness to the level of a kind of low literature." I think it is critical bad manners to say of Malcolm Cowley that "after more than twenty years of unremitting industry" in the attempt "to simplify his ideas for the benefit of . . . a simple-minded reading public," he "has at last succeeded in attaining his objective." I am not persuaded that conformity is reduced by writing of James T. Farrell that the cost of self-education "to him consists in the fact that the attitudes it has given him are largely provincial; the morals are parochial; and the modes are pedantic"—then follows a characteristic subordinate clause of thirty-five words. I doubt that literary conformity is cured by going after a fellow critic as Mr. Aldridge goes after Delmore Schwartz:

> The most recent discussion of manners in the novel—Mr. Delmore Schwartz's in an essay called "The Duchess's Red Shoes"—was vitiated by its willful failure to take account of the question at any recognizable level of seriousness. At least one supposes the failure to have been willful, to have been compelled, this is to say, by Mr. Schwartz's prior commitment to the whole view, which blinded him to all except the most pejorative senses in which the idea of manners may be applied to culture. *This, at any rate, is the charitable view of his performance.*

I italicize the last sentence because if, in the heat of literary controversy, what precedes it may be forgiven, surely it is the height of literary bad manners to impugn the moral integrity of a fellow critic, and this, I submit, is precisely what Mr. Aldridge's unfortunate sentence does.

Light, not heat, is the solvent of conformity. A return to general principles, not "loaded" imputations, is the mode of independent criticism. Clarity and reasonableness of language, not clumsy construction and inexact diction, are still the best literary manners. Mr. Aldridge has a sort of cause, but he alienates assent.

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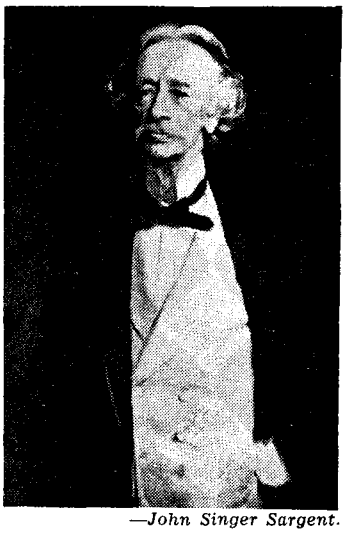

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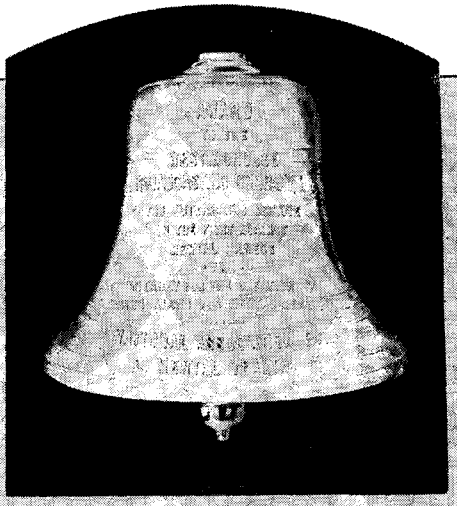

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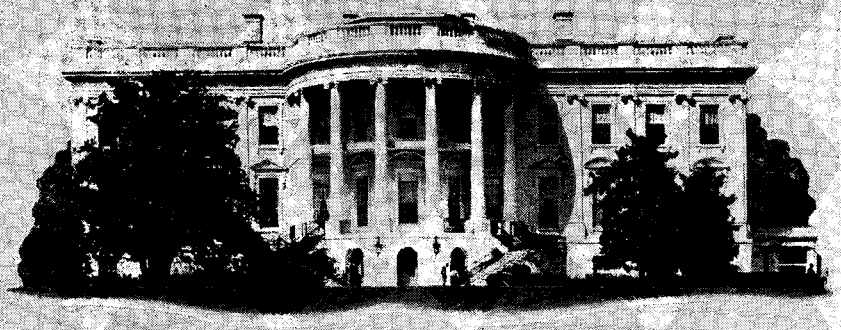

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Iron Curtain

Continued from page 15

Germans were beaten by Soviet military might. "Russian tanks," the author says, "filled this political vacuum and recaptured the streets. They defeated the people and the proletariat. It was good marksmanship, but bad Marx." One can hardly read the Fischer report without feeling that the East German revolt was only the first shot fired for freedom against the world's most brutal despotism.

EASTERN RELIGIONS: "My recent global tour was taken," writes Lew Ayres in **"Altars of the East"** (Doubleday, $4.50), "with the desire that the resulting conclusions might add another small stone to the shaky and precarious structure of world peace." He hoped that by making film sequences on world religions he might bring us all to a deeper understanding of one another and so to a greater readiness for world cooperation.

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Did his months of incredibly hard work, brilliantly done, accomplish what he hoped it would? It is hard to say. The book gives a few of his pictures. One is left to wonder how far such pictures are likely to evoke respect for the religions of others. Religious rituals are of two kinds: symbolic and magical. Much that is beautiful and true in symbol is found in the religions; but, unhappily, much that is purely magical is also found. Symbolic rituals will always tend to unite, for they carry universal meanings. Magical rituals, on the other hand, which are techniques for getting oneself right with supernatural powers, will always divide.

If only there could be some way of pointing up the symbolic rituals of religion and de-emphasizing the magical ones we might be led more strongly to feel the great unities of life. This should be Lew Ayres's next job. —BONARO W. OVERSTREET.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1157

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

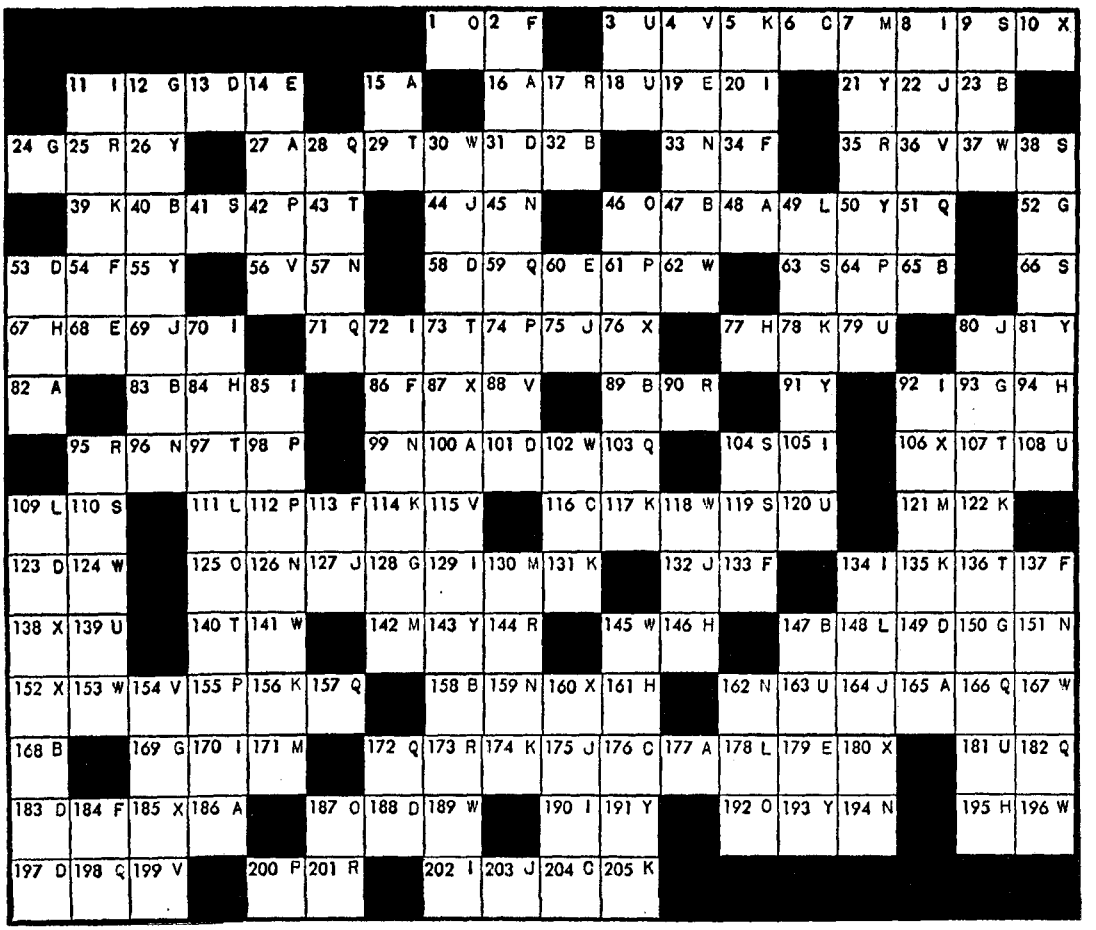
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First crops of popular leguminous vegetable (2 wds.).	48 15 177 100 16 165 82 27 186
B. Incoherent; separated at junctures.	32 40 65 83 47 89 23 158 168 147
C. Small device set to mark the position of and prior right to the floating body of a harpooned whale.	116 176 6 204
D. In the famous words of Eliza Doolittle, not bloody likely.	197 149 58 31 101 123 53 183 13 188
E. Liqueur made from brandy and flavored with cherry or peach.	19 60 14 179 68
F. Forgetfulness.	34 86 184 113 54 137 133 2
G. Apprehend (2 wds.; chiefly U.S.).	24 93 169 128 52 150 12
H. In a position of advantage or domination (3 wds.).	67 94 161 84 195 146 77
I. The well known "cereus" with large fragrant flowers opening about midnight (comp.).	72 8 70 170 129 85 202 134 11 92 190 105 20
J. Most addicted to mischief.	69 22 175 75 44 132 203 127 164 80
K. A chestnut (2 wds.; comp.).	78 135 156 39 122 114 131 174 117 5 205
L. German explorer in S. Amer.; made first ascent of Mt. Cotopaxi (1838-1908).	109 148 178 49 111
M. What a dog has "up in front," according to Ogden Nash.	7 171 130 121 142

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A form of speed walking; in dancing school it came before "AND a one-two-three" (comp.).	159 96 194 126 99 151 162 33 57 45
O. Pulitzer Prize winner for literature in 1921 (given name).	125 46 1 192 187
P. Produce green shoots (as a plant); omit (2 wds.).	98 42 155 61 64 200 74 112
Q. Sensation occurring immediately when the stimulus causing it has ceased.	182 28 51 157 59 166 198 172 103 71
R. One who flouts or violates statutes (Webster still labels it "a proposed term," from Prohibition days).	144 173 17 90 201 35 25 95
S. Surname, the famous "Oscar of the Waldorf" (1866-1950).	119 110 9 63 104 41 38 66
T. Averted (2 wds.).	140 107 97 43 73 136 29
U. Tall Javanese plant, intensely poisonous (2 wds.; *Antiaris toxicaria*).	18 3 108 120 181 79 139 163
V. A radicel or rhizoid.	154 36 4 88 115 199 56
W. Most corrupted or depraved individual (2 wds.).	196 30 167 145 141 102 62 189 153 37 118 124
X. Author of "Oresteia," "Seven Against Thebes," etc.	160 185 10 138 76 106 180 87 152
Y. The founder of homeopathy (German physician, 1755-1843).	81 143 193 50 55 21 91 26 191

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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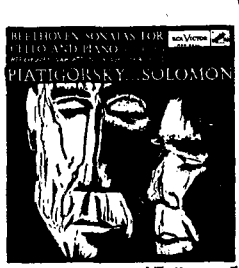

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

MAY 26, 1956

CONTENTS

WAGNER AND THE PERFORMANCE OF MOZART
By Arthur W. Marget 41

FESTIVALS IN AMERICA
Compiled by Robert W. Meyer, Jr. 44

NOCTURNES BY CHOPIN
By Abram Chasins 45

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 48

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 54

THE WORLD OF TAPE
By Joel Tall 56

"BEGGARS" FOR CHOOSERS
By Fred Grunfeld 58

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS
By Harold Lawrence 60

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 65

WAGNER AND THE PERFORMANCE OF MOZART

Among many letters received concerning the Mozart issue [SR *Jan. 28*] *was one bearing on Irving Kolodin's "Mahler, Mozart, and Wagner." Its content was so illuminating of the relationship between Wagner and Mozart that we asked its author to develop it further. In addition to writing articles on musical subjects, Arthur W. Marget is director of the Division of International Finance, the Federal Reserve System.*

Richard Wagner in the 1840s.

By ARTHUR W. MARGET

"I BELIEVE in God, Mozart, and Beethoven, and likewise in their disciples and apostles." So runs the first article of the Credo that Richard Wagner set down in 1841, after his shattering experience of conversion to the true faith: the faith of the artist "in the Holy Spirit and in the truth of Art, one and indivisible." The culmination of this experience of conversion—when "the whole period during which my taste had been running wild sank before me as if into a deep abyss of shame and contrition"—happened to occur at a performance, not of Mozart, but of Beethoven: a rehearsal of the Ninth Symphony by the orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire under Habeneck. But the God of the Wagnerian Credo of 1841—the God from whom "this Art emanates, to live in the hearts of all enlightened men"—was the God of Mozart as well as of Beethoven; and the succession, according to Wagner, was the same for both.

Irving Kolodin's essay "Mahler, Wagner and Mozart" [*SR* Jan. 28] is itself a study in apostolic succession. The subject of succession is a tradition of proper performance of Mozart. In Mr. Kolodin's hagiology, the key figure in the modern apostolic line for such performance is Gustav Mahler. But—Mr. Kolodin suggests—Mahler was himself the instrument through which a deeper influence on the standards for the performance of Mozart made itself felt. That deeper influence was the influence of Richard Wagner.

That Mr. Kolodin is right in emphasizing Mahler's claims to a place of the highest honor in the history of proper performance of Mozart seems to me altogether beyond question. Equally beyond question is the essential rightness of Mr. Kolodin's emphasis on Mahler's devotion to the works of Wagner. (So much had to be admitted even by Cosima Wagner, who was capable of a degree of meanness of spirit toward Mahler which may best be judged from letters she wrote to others in early 1899. Cosima chose, for example, to see the conflict between Mahler and Hans Richter in Vienna at that time as a typical

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conflict between "the Jew and the Nordic." But even she, who judged everyone and everything from the standpoint of their services, actual or potential, to what she conceived to be the interests of the Wagnerian cause, concluded, however reluctantly, that "the indolence of the German" forced one "to recognize the Jew as the more meritorious.")

Any questioning, therefore, of the adequacy of the Kolodin thesis with respect to the role that Wagner played in establishing proper standards for the performance of Mozart cannot start by doubting the firmness with which Mr. Kolodin has succeeded in anchoring *Mahler* to proper performance of Mozart, at one end, and to proper performance of Wagner, at the other. What one must look at more closely is the consequence that Mr. Kolodin draws from this double anchoring:

> Everything points to the conclusion that the discipline Wagner expected of his singers as a matter of course Mahler made mandatory in his Mozart as a matter of historic justice. . . . The titanic Richard . . . simply made his music so complex that singers could not function without dependence on the man with the baton. Once *that* thought was manifest, the singer's sun had started to set, and the conductor's to rise. Truly, then too, Mozart's personality came out of the shadows where it had been so long.

This thesis makes such obvious good sense, *as far as it goes,* that it ought to be accepted as a necessary part of any account of the role played by Wagner in the establishment of proper standards of performance, not only for Mozart, but for any of the "classics" of opera.

The thesis, as stated, assigns no *direct* role to Wagner in that history of the "*re*-creation" of operatic and orchestral masterpieces in which Mr. Kolodin, quite properly, assigns a place of high honor to Richard Strauss, along with Mahler, among those who were also distinguished as composers. We are still in need of the work of solid scholarship on the history of the role of the conductor and the technique of conducting which will help us to decide how far we are to accept, and how far to modify, Ernest Newman's characterization of Wagner as "the founder of the modern art of conducting." But no one would deny either Newman's proposition that Wagner was "not merely a visionary in these matters but a thoroughly practical technician," or his further proposition with respect to Wagner's application of his standards as a conductor:

> That this was not mere pride and egoism in him, the mere prickly esteem of the artist for his own work, is shown by the fact that he insisted on precisely the same scrupulousness in the performance of the works of other composers.

The point of this, for our present purpose, is that of course the list of the "other composers" was led by the two whose names appeared in the first article of Wagner's Credo—Mozart and Beethoven.

One is inevitably led, therefore, to supplement Mr. Kolodin's line of apostolic succession in the proper performance of Mozart, which emphasizes *Mahler* the Conductor as the link to so many "eminent Mozartian interpreters of the present day," by carrying the line further back to *Wagner* the Conductor. The principal link this side of Wagner would be Hans von Bülow, at once idol and patron of both Mahler and Richard Strauss, whom Mr. Kolodin links in the establishment of standards for the performance of Mozart.

When one thinks of Bülow as conductor one thinks first, to be sure, of his services in the cause of Beethoven: of the "Beethoven cult," of the Meiningen "model orchestra," of the "Beethoven, Berlin, and Bülow" of his subsequent triumphs with the Berlin Philharmonic. But there was also the Bülow who threw the whole of his belligerent personality into a struggle for proper performances of Mozart. The man who in 1887, at the peak of his fame and authority as a conductor, refused to proceed further with the cycle of Mozart operas he was then directing in Hamburg when the conditions that he regarded as necessary for their proper performance were not met was the same man as the youngster who, thirty-two years earlier, had poured out his savage irony as a music critic on the quality of the performances of Mozart operas then current in Berlin.

It is well to remember, therefore, how Bülow's career as a conductor began: it began when Wagner undertook to see to it, as he himself announced in a letter from his exile in Zürich to Bülow's outraged mother, that her runaway son would "learn the practical business of conducting under my [Wagner's] direction." And we have Bülow's contemporary testimony (in a letter to his father, dated November 9, 1850) on what the "practical business of conducting" meant when what was involved was the preparation of a performance of "Don Giovanni" with Wagner as conductor.

> None of Mozart's pseudo-worshipers [so Bülow ended his account] will ever reveal such a warm, living feeling for Art, the most rational kind of piety toward Mozart, expressing itself thus in unselfish action. It is clear that "Don Giovanni," as it has been performed everywhere up to now, does not give the satisfaction nor produce the effect which it can and must produce, and that in this matter many more reforms are needed.

Zürcher
Stadt-Theater.
Mittwoch, den 26. März 1851:
11. Vorstellung im 6. und letzten Abonnement.
Don Juan,
oder:
der steinerne Gast.
Große Oper in 2 Akten von Mozart.
Dialog und Einrichtung für die hiesige Bühne von Richard Wagner.
Personen:
Der Text ist unleserlich
Herr Freund, vom Königl. Hoftheater zu Hannover als Gast.
Der Feuerregen am Schlusse der Oper ist von Hrn. Schweizer angefertigt.
Eintritt 6 Uhr. Anfang halb 7 Uhr. Ende nach 9 Uhr.

Theatre poster for Wagner's Zurich performance of "Don Giovanni" (1851).

"Warm, living feeling for Art, the most rational kind of piety toward Mozart, expressing itself in unselfish action": this response of the twenty-year-old apprentice-conductor is the kind of response we must be prepared to understand and to share if we are to avoid a clear misreading of the historical role which Wagner actu-

(*Continued on page* 61)

Wagner conducts the Orchestra of the Future (French caricature by Cham).

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FESTIVALS IN AMERICA

East Coast, West Coast, All Around the Land

THIRTEENTH AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL, WASHINGTON, D.C., MAY 20, 27; JUNE 3, 10. Orchestral, chamber, piano, and choral music. Series under general direction of Richard Bales, who will conduct the orchestral programs, and present the first performance of his Cantata, "The Union," based on music of the North during 1861-65. In the National Gallery of Art.

OJAI FESTIVAL, OJAI, CALIF., MAY 25-27. Five concerts. Featured artists will be Robert Craft, conductor; Magda Laszlo, soprano; Igor Stravinsky, guest conductor.

OLD SOUTH HARMONY FESTIVAL, BENTON, KY., MAY 27.

FESTIVAL OF SACRED MUSIC, BARRINGTON, R.I., MAY 30. At Providence-Barrington Bible College.

STARLIGHT POPS CONCERTS, PROVIDENCE, R.I., JUNE 19; JULY 10, 24. Martin Fischer to conduct the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra in Mt. Pleasant Stadium.

"PINAFORE" AND "TRIAL BY JURY," LONGWOOD GARDENS, KENNETT SQ., PENNA., JUNE 1. Performed by the Savoy Company.

OLD-FASHIONED BOHEMIAN BAND CONCERTS, CLUTIER, IOWA, WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST.

MUNICIPAL OPERA, ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE 7-SEPT. 2. "Annie Get Your Gun," "Paint Your Wagon," "The Student Prince," "Hit the Deck," "The Great Waltz," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Wish You Were Here," "Kiss Me, Kate," "An Evening of Great Music," "Peter Pan," "Kismet."

BOSTON ARTS FESTIVAL, BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 9-24. Choral music, contemporary, and classic opera, ballet, folk dances.

AMERICAN FOLK SONG FESTIVAL, ASHLAND, KY., JUNE 10. At the Traipsin' Woman Cabin on U. S. 23 about eighteen miles south of Ashland.

CONCERT, LONGWOOD GARDENS, KENNETT SQUARE, PENNA., JUNE 14-16. The DuPont Chorus.

CONCERTS, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 18-JULY 28. Pierre Monteux, Vladimir Golschmann, Alexander Smallens, Thomas Scherman, Howard Mitchell and William Strickland to conduct the Stadium Symphony Orchestra in Lewisohn Stadium.

CONCERTS, STOCKTON, CALIF., JUNE 24; JULY 1, 8, 15, 22. At the Pacific Music Camp.

"CALL ME MADAM," LONGWOOD GARDENS, KENNETT SQUARE, PENNA., JUNE 21-23.

CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, TAMIMENT, PENNA., JUNE 21-24. Curtis String Quartet and New Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia.

FIESTA DE LA QUADRILLA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., JUNE 22-24. Some 20,000 square-dancers expected to participate in three-day meet.

TRI-STATE SINGING CONVENTION, LINVILLE, N.C., JUNE 24. Hymn-singing.

CONCERTS, BREVARD, N.C., FRIDAYS, SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS, JUNE 24-AUG. 26. At Brevard Music Center.

POP CONCERTS, NEW HAVEN, CONN., JUNE 26; JULY 10, 24, 31; AUG. 14, 28. Concert version of "Porgy and Bess" to open season at Yale Bowl. Lawrence Winters and Theresa Green in principal roles.

RAVINIA FESTIVAL, CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 26-AUG. 2. Marian Anderson will be soloist and Eugene Ormandy will conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on June 26.

CONCERTS, WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS, JUNE 26-AUG. 28. Sponsored by Oglebay Institute on outdoor stage in Oglebay Park.

OPERA UNDER THE STARS, ROCHESTER, N.Y., JUNE 27, 30; JULY 18, 21; AUG. 8, 11. Operas sung in English by students of Eastman School of Music. "Rigoletto," "Magic Flute," "Faust" scheduled.

ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL, ASPEN, COLO., JUNE 27-SEPT. 2. Concerts on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays. Under direction of Izler Solomon.

LIGHT OPERA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., JUNE 28-SEPT. 9. "Kismet" and "The King and I" to be sung in Balboa Park.

WESTERN REGIONAL GYMANFA GANU, MENLO PARK, CALIF., JUNE 29-JULY 1. Welsh songfest.

DANCE FESTIVAL, LEE, MASS., JUNE 29-AUG. 12. Season at Jacobs Pillow.

SPECTACLE OF MUSIC, WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA., JUNE 30.

OPERA FESTIVAL, CENTRAL CITY, COLO., JUNE 30-JULY 28. "The Ballad of Baby Doe" and "Tosca."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., JULY 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; AUG. 7, 14, 21, 28.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL, TANGLEWOOD, LENOX, MASS., JULY 4-AUG. 12. Chamber music and "Bach-Mozart" Concerts, July 4-Aug. 8. Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Music Shed, July 20-Aug. 12. Munch, Bernstein, Burgin, De Carvalho, Foss and Monteux to conduct.

AMERICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL, NEWPORT, R.I., JULY 5-7. Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Dizzie Gillespie, Eddie Condon, Friedrich Gulda, Toshiko Akiyosh to participate.

OPERAS, SYMPHONY CONCERTS, CHAUTAUQUA, N.Y., JULY 6-AUG. 22.

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS, IPSWICH, MASS., FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS, JUNE 29-AUG. 18. Count Basie, Jose Limon, Leontyne Price, Shimich Yuize, Rudolf Serkin, Martial Singher, Alec Templeton, Martha Lipton, Trinidad Ballet and Carmen de Lavalade to perform.

HOLLYWOOD BOWL CONCERTS, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., JULY 10-AUG. 30. Concerts Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays.

N. H. MUSIC FESTIVAL, GILFORD, N.H., JULY 12, 26, 31; AUG. 9, 23, 27. N. Y. Symphony Orchestra directed by Maurice Bonney to play at Belknap Mountains Recreation Area. At Wolfeboro, N.H., July 19, 24; Aug. 2, 16, 26.

"ROSE MARIE," LONGWOOD GARDENS, KENNETT SQ., PENNA., JULY 26-28; AUG. 2-4. Presented by the Brandywiners.

CONCERTS, SOUTH MOUNTAIN, PITTSFIELD, MASS., JULY 8; AUG. 4, 11, 18, 25; SEPT. 1. Claremont String Quartet, Beaux Arts Trio, Robert Goldsand, N. Y. Philharmonic Piano Quartet, John Corigliano, Stradivarius Society, Joseph and Lilliam Fuchs, Artur Balsam, Gerald Warburg.

MOUNTAIN DANCE FOLK FESTIVAL, ASHEVILLE, N.C., AUG. 2-4.

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL, DULUTH, MINN., AUG. 3.

CHICAGOLAND MUSIC FESTIVAL, CHICAGO, ILL., AUG. 18. Piano, accordion bands, concert bands.

NATIONAL GYMANFA GANU, CLEVELAND, O., AUG. 31-SEPT. 2.

COONAMESSETT MUSIC FESTIVAL, FALMOUTH, MASS., SEPT. 7-9; 14-16. Chamber music, choral program, Paul Draper and Daniel Pinkham, Boris Goldovsky. Singing Festival, Lawrenceburg, Tenn., Sept. 22, 23.

—Compiled by ROBERT MEYER, JR.

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NOCTURNES BY CHOPIN

By ABRAM CHASINS

SHAKESPEARE asks "What's in a name?" One wonders if he would have written that had he been able to foresee the day when the mere mention of The Dane invokes The Bard, when either instantly summons his own image. In music, term and identification become one as Sonata conjures up Beethoven, Oratorio Handel, and Fugue Bach. Although a *Nocturne smells as sweet by any other* name, be it Etude or Barcarolle, it remains unique to one name alone—Chopin. A paradox arises in the fact that it was not he, but John Field, who first "invented" the Nocturne.

Paradox calls forth Chopin's image no less than the piano. He was the "original" who was instantly comprehensible. Unlike his contemporaries, he experienced no capricious courses, no transient spurts or temporary eclipses. He wedded the unfamiliar folk idiom of his native Poland to the universal language of art. Although the Romantic movement claimed him for its own, he remained aloof from its philosophic battles and political storms, detached from its literary influences, programmistic ideas, and descriptive titles. Above all, the great majority of his works reveal the poignant Romantic whose structural discipline was of classic mold.

Chopin's expressivity emerged victorious even when it exceeded his capacity to solve all its artistic problems; it triumphed over every conflict between inspiration and technique, sometimes awkwardly as in the concertos and sonatas, flawlessly almost everywhere else. This is not to say that Chopin could not conquer large forms; the F minor Fantaisie and the Ballade in the same tonality are perhaps his greatest works and, if one refrains from counting pages or analyzing titles, his largest organisms. Along with dozens of miniature masterpieces, these passionate and profound works exemplify the essence of Chopin's art—boundless inspiration relentlessly disciplined by erudition, punctiliousness, and refinement. It is the core of his creativity and the key to its interpretational truth.

Contrary to popular belief—a belief based on a far less astute observation of classical processes than Chopin's—his music shows a schematic severity more regular than one finds anywhere except in his idol Bach. His other idol, Mozart, demonstrates far wider variety in bar-rhythms and phrase-lengths. Most of Chopin's works reveal a rigid framework of four and eight-bar rhythms. For small-form lyric music, characterized by cross-rhythms, ornamentation and tempo rubato, it was an admirably expedient plan. For its interpreters it presents still another paradox as a virile but fragile vehicle.

Consequently, few composers have suffered so from grotesque misrepresentation. Surrounded by commanding colleagues and devoted pupils (at least four of them notably gifted) Chopin wrote, "Unfortunately, I shall have to reconcile myself to the thought that nobody will ever play my works to my liking as I had imagined them." He did enthuse about Liszt's playing of his bravura works, but in the next breath he calls him "a jackass in my Mazurkas." It is not too startling. Chopin's art is the triumph of nuance. Elegance and subtlety permeate his gamut of moods and means from lyric quietude to dauntless drama, from exquisite ornamentation to thunderous virtuosity.

None of Chopin's usages has set more traps for the unwary than tempo rubato, vital to all music, indigenous to the romantic style. A statement attributed to Chopin provides another pitfall. Several of his pupils quoted him as saying that the left hand "must maintain strict time" while the right (meaning the melody) could "fluctuate freely." Did he really say something that specious? I, for one, am quite ready to believe it. Chopin's subtleties included a streak of irony which protected his hypersensitive nature. He suffered acutely from the effects of that dark day when "rubato" was discovered to mean "robbed," and an incredible number of insensitive performers proceeded to confuse esthetics with morality by ludicrous attempts to "restore" in exact measure what they had previously "stolen." Chopin's deceptive precept could easily have come from a man "robbed" of all patience, "robbed" of all reason through hearing his music contorted by constant alternations of retards and accelerations, distorted by the absence of a presiding pace.

FROM Chopin and his contemporaries we have sparse but illuminating clues to his performance style. Freed of irony, he described rubato in an excellent metaphor that it is like a tree whose trunk stands firm, while its branches and leaves yield to passing breezes. His other ideals were a singing legato, infinite variety of accentuation, color, touch, and tone; pedalling that provides a rich harmonic background but allows for the purity of a vocal melodic line; phrasing within phrasing that punctuates broadly sustained cantilena, and expressive ornamentation that delicately adorns but does not obscure the cantabile.

There we have it: the fastidious art that relies upon precise balance, coherence, and refinement of unified detail. Yet, Chopin cautions, "An artist should never lose sight of the thing as a whole. He who goes too much into details will find that the thread which holds the whole thing together will break, and instead of a necklace single pearls will remain in his stupid hands." This statement sums up Chopin's classical ideals of performance set forth in countless eighteenth-century treatises.

The full flower of piano music stems from Chopin. He alone caressed and seduced the piano until it yielded every innermost secret of its ravishing

—Bettmann Archive.

Gotzenberger's sketch of Chopin (Paris, 1838).

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potentialities. No composer ever counted more boldly on an instrument and its performers to transcend mechanical limitations. Yet, to cite the final paradox, no piano music is so ingrained, so natural to the instrument and to its players. Artistically, it is the ultimate challenge to the pianist's heart and culture.

I WAS led to these observations by recent and numerous LP recordings of Chopin's Nocturnes, the works which caused Liszt to say, "What Schubert has done for the voice, Chopin has done for the piano." True, but Chopin's medium was a supernatural voice of enormous compass and flexibility, equalized throughout its entire range. In no other collection did he cover a wider span of emotion, in none did he sing his songs with more serenity or drama. Although they make modest demands on the muscles, they require every other element of artistry, and to a superlative degree. Nothing reveals an interpreter more than his playing of small works. The transparency of Chopin's Nocturnes provides no chance of concealing a lack of emotional depth or rhythmic repose through bombast or display. In this realm, the pianist can only convince by the most consummate means. Current releases present the complete set by Eugene Istomin (Columbia) and Jan Smeterlin (Epic). In addition, there are the first ten by Peter Katin (London) and six by Nadia Reisenberg (Westminster) with the rest to follow, we assume.

Istomin's playing throughout is generally lucid, carefully planned and technically impeccable. He is most persuasive in the A flat, G minor (Op. 37), and the great C minor, although the latter is lessened by a static tempo in the chorale. Elsewhere Istomin's stylistic and emotional powers are less impressive. With the very first, in B flat minor, he demonstrates the school of rubato that halts momentum and sectionalizes form. Too often, in his dynamic scheme, Chopin's musical life "begins at forte." The F major and E minor, posthumous, disclose the tendency to play melodic lines as a succession of individual notes with little tonal variety and less ability to form the elements of a continuing fabric. The C sharp minor (Op. 27) and G minor (Op. 15) show a penchant for letting phrases grow listless, for using rhythmic delay and recession as means for gaining expressivity. The music rarely flows, and Istomin sounds constrained and monochromatic in these luxuriant works. They appear somewhat alien to his usually splandid musicianship and pianism. Only occasionally do they elicit his ardor or conviction.

Smeterlin, on the other hand, displays full conviction in his readings; every conviction and every excess of a fallacious Romantic style in which he runs the radius of Chopin's pet anathemas. In Nocturnes like the B major (Op. 62) and A flat there is constant rhythmic dallying, and pedalling that blurs harmonic and melodic progressions; in the C sharp minor (Op. 27) the anticipation of beats; in the C minor, phrases that stifle for lack of breath; throughout, a languishing cantilena including broken octaves and chords (Chopin was especially finicky in his notation of chords he wanted arpeggiated: see the opening of the B major, op. 62). There are no surer ways to divest Chopin's meticulous art of its essential dignity and purity.

Katin, by contrast, shows considerable poise and discretion. His playing is mostly tasteful, thoughtfully conceived, and solid. And that's about the extent of it. Although he is never strident, neither is he vibrant. When he plays tenderly he often becomes placid and uncommunicative. His best realizations are the A flat and the E flat (Op. 9), but even here he seldom maintains pulsation, seldom breathes simply, easily. In the opening of the C sharp minor (Op. 27) he resembles an unhappy ensemble of an accompanist (his left hand) playing a two-bar introduction and then hesitating until the soloist (his right hand) decides to join the proceedings. In other nocturnes, as in the B major (Op. 32), there are considerable moonings and sudden bursts of out-of-frame effusiveness.

Speaking of this B major nocturne, a vote of respects go to both Katin and Smeterlin for ending the work properly in B *minor*. The major ending endorsed by editors who should be ashamed of themselves has long been a snare for pianists as it was for pedantic editors, who knew plenty of pieces that began in minor and concluded in major but were unprepared for the reverse process. Unable to distinguish imagination from error, they "corrected" Chopin's manuscript. It is disappointing to find Istomin ensnared by so famous a blunder.

Miss Reisenberg approaches her selection of six, the E flat (Op. 9), F sharp, A flat, G, C minor, and C sharp minor, posthumous, with coloristic variety, poetic warmth, and considerable stylistic authority. Above all, she shows an acute awareness of Chopin's harmonic opulence, ingenuity of figuration, and contrapuntal opportunities. Her playing best exposes the fallacy of Wagner's acid comment that Chopin was "a composer for the right hand." She is less expert at establishing and preserving rhythmic pulsation and unity. It frequently mars her achievements, as in the C sharp minor, where she does not set a presiding tempo. She is also prone to recede both in volume and momentum at the end of phrases, allowing the music to go limp. In the C minor, a fervent performance is marred at a crucial point by retarding the octaves that Chopin provides to propel us into the *doppio movimento*. To recoil here is especially costly because of Chopin's dramatization of his main theme in place of a conventional recapitulation. The combination of a diminishing volume and an accelerated pace is evidently contrary to instinct. Few artists successfully refine and correct their musical instincts to resist slowing down as they are getting softer and speeding up as they are growing louder. Miss Reisenberg's rhythmic digressions are never long, nor glaringly distortive, but they keep these works from fullest realization.

SAVE for a few shining examples, these recent discs evidence the elusiveness of the romantic style; the difficulty of playing eloquently without sacrificing the fundamental pulsation; of sustaining quiet without vanishing below projectivity; of fashioning lacy ornamentation that enhances but does not obscure or confuse melodic lines. It is equally uncommon to hear trills spinning in shimmering beauty from one dynamic level to another, in one line unbroken by isolated after-notes; to hear long phrases sung with inner punctuation that does not become a hiatus; a rhythm that can range from metronomic to rhapsodic without losing propulsion.

It is easy to see why a Chopin performance from first to last which does not violate one of his precepts is a rarity. And Chopin's words are not the only ones which remind us that the condition predates our generation. Hanslick, reviewing Clara Schumann in Chopin's Fantaisie-Impromptu, wrote, "Some may be surprised by her metronomic playing. In the middle section she maintains almost without exception a strict uniformity of measure." The statement is packed with significance chiefly that in those days, too, such pristine romanticism was news. It still is.

Toscanini once told me that he rarely attends recitals because the average soloist's "sick rhythmic sense" drives him frantic. "They do not use freedom to idealize rhythm, but to demolish it," he said. Amen, Maestro.

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Recordings in Review

Mendelssohn's Master

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in E minor.* MOZART: *Concerto No. 4 in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* Columbia ML-5085, $3.98.

THE LONG-STANDING mystery why the Mendelssohn concerto, of all works, has not been included in David Oistrakh's recorded repertory has been ended, if not clarified, by the appearance of this memento of his first American visit. Certainly there is no sense of anything but complete mastery and rapport in his tonally sumptuous, temperamentally satisfying performance. (Probably nobody ever asked him to record it before.)

What is especially impressive about the reproduction of Oistrakh's art in both of these works is the unfailing silkiness and purity of the sound he produces. With it goes an amount of enthusiasm for the thrice-familiar work that makes it all vitality and interest again. With the exception of the Milstein version of a year or so ago (Capitol 8243), it is the most stimulating, freshly-felt version of Mendelssohn we have had in years. And if there has been a smoother, less effortful performance than this one, I can't remember by whom.

Thanks to the happy acoustical and musical circumstances that prevailed in Philadelphia when this project was undertaken in late December, the Mozart also comes close to being Oistrakh's best performance. In some other instances his treatment of this composer has struck me as more fiddlistic than musical, but the balance of elements here is beyond cavil. Needless to say, Ormandy makes a substantial if not obtrusive contribution to the whole, as does the superb ensemble.

Seefried in Stride

MOUSSORGSKY: *"The Nursery,"* BARTOK: *"Dorfszenen," etc. Irmgard Seefried, piano, with Erik Werba, piano.* Decca DL-9809, $3.98.

THE IDENTIFICATION of this disc as "Irmgard Seefried in Person," explained by the further line stating that it was "Recorded in Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, and Bielefeld, Germany," plus the disruptive audience applause for a not-too-remarkable performance of Schubert's "Lachen und Weinen," doesn't augur too well for what follows. It turns out, however, that Miss Seefried is a more communicative performer when singing for an audience than she is in the studio, the total result among her best accomplishments on records.

This applies especially to the unusual Moussorgsky and Bartok material noted above, of which the first is rarely heard and the second is totally unfamiliar. Some may question the propriety of singing Moussorgsky in a German text, but the alternative —a language (Russian) uncongenial both to her and us—hardly makes more sense. Each of the vignettes is artfully drawn by Miss Seefried, with an impressive variation of vocal color. Her artistic impulse is equally appealing in the Bartok arrangements of folk songs from Zólyom County. The Five include a rather sombre "Hochzeit," which must be one of the few non-jolly wedding songs in existence, and a remarkably chromatic one about a "Hobbyhorse."

In the more familiar material—Brahms's "Dein blaues Auge" and "Ständchen," Wolf's "An eine Äolsharfe," "Das verlassene Mägdlein" and "Begegnung," and the Strauss "Ständchen,"—Miss Seefried is always the cultivated, conscious artist. Even the last of these, which would seem rather swift moving and flighty in mood for her best vocal manner, comes off well, thanks to careful preparation. Erik Werba, a new name to me, plays excellent accompaniments, especially in the difficult Bartok writing. Well-processed reproduction.

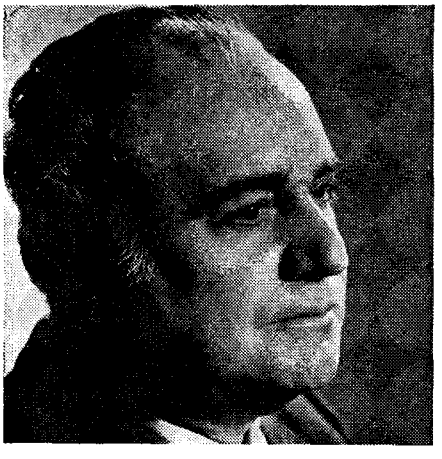
Gigli at Sixty-Five

CACCINI: *"Amarilli," and twenty-one other selections. Beniamino Gigli, tenor.* RCA Victor LM-1972, $3.98.

THOUGH THIS COLLATION of excerpts from the three recitals given in Carnegie Hall by Gigli in April of last year begins with "O Paradiso" from Meyerbeer's "L'Africana," it is a courtesy to him and a favor to the reader to ignore it, in favor of the following Caccini. For the "Paradiso" is all too typical of the strained, ugly sound produced by Gigli in dynamically demanding matters at this time of life (sixty-five when the concerts were taped), while the "Amarilli" is caressed with the still remarkable command of mezza voce, his feeling for line and phrase.

In it, and in such other lyric delights as "O del mio amato ben," a vocal version of Chopin's E major etude (Opus 10, No. 3) titled "Tristesse," "Ritorna amore" by di Veroli, and Bixio's "Mamma," Gigli is as caressingly effective as in his prime. The voice rarely strays from the pitch, there is a recognizable Gigli timbre in the tone, and the line is strongly supported. The liquid flow of "O sole mio," for example, is as much a product of the artfully articulated text as it is of the warmly formed music.

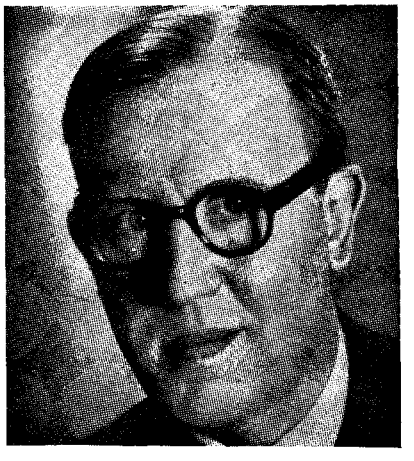
However, there is much less to be said on behalf of the strained, un-



Gigli—"remarkable command."

—Lotte Meitner—Graf.

Seefried—"impressive variation."



Schiotz—"major adornments."

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attractive sound of the voice in a list of operatic excerpts embracing "E lucevan le stelle," "Ah! non mi ridestar" ("Werther"), Lohengrin's farewell (here identified as "Mercè, mercè"), and "Ch'ella mi creda" from "Girl of the Golden West." The generous compilation of twenty-two selections includes Gigli's own contribution to the Mozart year: a version of "Dalla sua pace" which flops and falters in a way to remind one that the twenty-odd years that have passed since Gigli was singing Don Ottavio at the Metropolitan have merely confirmed him in his Mozartian idiosyncrasies. Dino Fedri is the master's willing servant at the piano.

The Art of Aksel Schiotz

HANDEL: *"Every Valley Shall Be Exalted" ("Messiah"), etc. Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike.* RCA Victor LM 1968, $3.98.

"THE ART OF AKSEL SCHIOTZ" is the title which RCA Victor has, for commercial reasons, given this disc; and for once the commercial and the candid meet on equal footing. For here, in one long-awaited package, are half a dozen of the remarkable performances which made the name of Schiøtz one to whet the appetite in the late 1940s. Included are "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen" from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" and "Frohe Hirten eilt" from the "Christmas Oratorio"; the great "Mit Würd, und Hoheit" from Haydn's "Creation" and the four fine Mozart performances: "Un aura amorosa," "Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön," "Dalla sua pace," and "Il mio tesoro."

For those who have been denied the opportunity of acquaintance with these major adornments of the singing catalogue in the postwar period, a start is suggested with the Handel air at the beginning of side two. For a Scandinavian to have this command of English is a standing rebuke to those of native birth who never attain half as much fluency or clarity. For that matter, the Schiøtz command of German in "Dies Bildnis" or Italian in "Dalla sua pace" reminds us, once again, of the inevitable comparisons with that purest of verbal stylists, John McCormack. I can endorse the "Creation" excerpt with equal enthusiasm; the Bach excerpts and Buxtehude's "Aperite mihi portas justitae" (a singularly dull choice for a lead-off item) don't seem to command as much of his full powers, though each is finely sung. The reproduction stands up very well in the transfer.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Water-Music on Dry Land

"HANDEL—The Water Music—Complete" reads the decorative sleeve of Westminster WN 18115. More nearly correct would have been "Handel-List—The Water Music—Both More and Less Than Complete." In actuality this single LP contains a loosely and artificially "integrated" composition in two parts arranged and re-orchestrated from various editions of "The Water Music" by a musicologist of nineteenth-century Germanic predisposition. The accompanying notes by Mr. List constitute an elaborate apology for the aim, the procedures, and the result. Their turgidity is fortunately not reflected in the arrangement, for all its insistence on contrast and ternary form.

Certainly it would have been stimulating to float up the Thames with George I, his ladies, and the Earl of Orkney that July evening in 1717 when the best-remembered playing of "The Water Music" occurred on a City Company's barge bearing some fifty musicians. And certainly Handel's miscellany of disjunct pieces must have made brave, fine sounds across the still waters from Lambeth to Chelsea. George I thought the sounds very brave and fine indeed: he asked for two repetitions of the concert, one before and one after supper. The music was scored for outdoor hearing—with trumpets, horns, oboes, bassoons, flutes, recorders, and strings. Handel was not at all concerned with weaving the fast and slow dances into what Mr. List claims to have made of them—"a kind of cyclical suite" and "a coherent suite of dance movements interconnected by concertante pieces of almost symphonic character."

Mr. List's intellectually arbitrary arrangement is, like his descriptive note, marred by humorless pretentiousness. Not content with removing the almost improvisational character of the pieces, Mr. List (apparently with the consent of Sir Adrian Boult) has "dispensed with the multiple doublings of winds with strings" and with Handel's group of oboes. He has added a harpsichord, which, as he himself points out, would not have "carried from the musicians across the river to the royal barge." He has, that is, made over "The Water Music" into expanded chamber music for indoor hearing, stripping it of its clangorous open-air quality. "Modern performance," he writes, "be it on [in?] the concert hall or on the gramophone, must be concerned less with an arbitrary historical authenticity, which in view of the casualness of the period would be only pedantic, but rather with a presentation that discloses the work as an entity." Really? But the work is not, and never was "an entity." Surely the aim should be authenticity of spirit and timbre rather than a factitious academic "entity" of which Handel never dreamed. Stylistic sympathy and "arbitrary historical authenticity" (whatever, in this connection, that may mean) are by no means identical.

In the performance itself I found the playing accurate and somewhat lackadaisical. It has been beautifully recorded and superbly pressed. Lacking a water party under a summer sky, I am not convinced that "complete" performances of "The Water Music" are musically desirable. Writing of one of the four "complete" recordings made available since 1954, Irving Kolodin said in "Orchestral Music": "Thanks to the fine efforts of [Maurice] Hewitt and the splendid playing of his assorted wind virtuosi, I have conquered a long-standing preference for the Harty suite." And certainly the Hewitt recording (Haydn Society L-107) catches the Handelian spirit and is more useful as a document than the present fussy arrangement. My own preference, however, roves back longingly to Sir Hamilton Harty's old Columbia recording of his Suite, the best recently recorded version of which is that of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw under Van Beinum (London LL-760). It still seems to me that as a criterion for extracting pleasure from a miscellany, selectivity outweighs "completeness."

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings Report I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suites in C and D. Hans von Benda conducting the Berlin Chamber Orchestra. Telefunken LGX 66040, $4.98.	Von Benda's phonographic pedigree is an honorable one, a fact reaffirmed by the tact, sensitivity, and animation of these fine performances. They do not incline to the strongly personal, but each is musically forthright and very well executed. In addition, the reproduction is spacious, bright, and very well balanced.
Bach: J. C.: Sinfonia Concertante in A major. Georges Alès, violin, and Pierre Coddée, Louis de Froment conducting. Sinfonia No. 4 in D. The same. J. S. Bach: Concerto in D minor for violin and oboe. Alès and Pierre Pierlot, oboe, with de Froment. OL 50074, $4.98.	The material of Johann Christoph, the "London" Bach, is outstanding in interest and beautifully performed. The "sinfonia" is actually a junction made, by a hand other than the composer's, of two operatic overtures, but it qualifies for its title. The D minor concerto of Bach, senior, is also known in its keyboard form in C minor. This version evokes admiration for the oboe playing of Pierlot, though there are others in which the violin part is delivered with more suavity and strength than it is by Alès. Acceptable sound.
Bartók: "Suite No. 2." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50098, $4.98.	A creation of 1907, this suite tells more about the background of Bartók's creative influences than the future of his art. It would scarcely be recognized as his, heard unaware. Nevertheless, it has its pleasant moments, and Dorati makes the most of them. Excellent sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8334, $3.98.	This is a methodical, well-formulated presentation of the demanding work, which does credit to Steinberg's mature musicianship. However, it doesn't rise to the dramatic climaxes in a way that convinces me, tending to keep the whole expression within a "classic" framework. It attains that end skilfully, without matching existing standards (Toscanini, Furtwängler, Leinsdorf, etc.) as expression of epic poetry. Full ranging reproduction.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the North West German Radio Symphony. Capitol P-18000, $3.98.	Solidly routined performance, not animated by anything distinctive in emotional or musical penetration. The recording is competent, the orchestra likewise. In another time, this kind of well-sounding, non-offensive performance might have had a mild interest, but the present competition is too exacting.
Delius: "Sea Drift," "Paris." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic with Bruce Boyce, baritone, and the BBC chorus. Columbia ML 5079, $3.98.	The Beecham standard in the performance of these works has remained constant since the memorable issues of the 1930s, while the mechanical work has appreciated greatly, of course. Perversely, too, the better results are now available for considerably less than *either* cost in other days. To sum up, a highly attractive offering. Boyce and the chorus both do their work well.
Dvorak: "Slavonic Dances" (complete). Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster WN 2204, $9.96.	Highly cultivated direction by Rodzinski, who has a superior ear for the orchestral texture of these attractive pieces. However he also has a tendency to linger over the slower ones and the dance impulse tends to become obscured. The totality, altogether, is not as lively as Kubelik's recent set for London, and neither matches the vivacity and charm of the Talich set on Urania (C-604). The Westminster sound is excellent.
Halffter: "El Cojo Enamorado." The composer conducting the Orquesta Sinfonica of Barcelona. Capitol P 18003, $3.98.	*Halffter's colorful score, built along lines pioneered by Falla, is worth hearing, but it is all but* subdued by the zapataedos and castenets of the accompanying Pilar Lopez Ballet. Of interest, naturally, to ballet fans, but music-lovers may welcome the warning. Overside is a suite of dances (Albéniz, Infante, Turina, etc.) done in similar style. The noises are better reproduced than the music.
Hummel: Concerto in A minor. Artur Balsam, piano, with the Winterthur Orchestra conducted by Otto Ackermann. Concert Hall 1241, $3.98.	An interesting backwater of musical history navigated with ease and understanding of the subsurface obstructions by Balsam, here in excellent pianistic form. Heard without identification, the style-conscious music-lover would probably associate it more with Chopin than with any other individual. However, he was still in his 'twenties when Hummel died in 1837. It is a work of genuine appeal, provocative in its historical implications. The performance is painstaking, the reproduction excellent. With it is a Clementi, not as absorbing as some others which have lately been exposed.
Strauss: "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "Fledermaus" overture, "Pizzicato" and "Tritsch-Tratsch" polkas. Andre Kostelanetz, conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia CL 769, $3.98.	Excellent sound is the primary virtue of this miscellany, which adds Schubert's "Marche Militaire" and the waltzes from R. Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" to the Johann Strauss material noted to the left. The Kostelanetz treatment has the externals of the "Strauss style," but it is an inlay on the thickly lacquered Kostelanetz "sound" which gives the performances their special (and to me, unauthentic) color. Efficient reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: "1812" overture, "Capriccio Espagnole." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with cannon, bells, and Deems Taylor, annotator. Mercury MG 50054, $4.98.	Lest the leftside description be misleading, Taylor does not do his narrating while the music is being played, though if he did it would add but slightly to the general confusion. Part of this comes from the superimposition of a West Point cannon and bells from the Harkness Tower, at New Haven, on the playing of orchestra and brass band in Minneapolis. What the criteria for evaluating solo cannon with orchestra may be, I lack the experience to say, but it doesn't enhance the appeal of a work described by the composer himself as "a poor piece." Taylor's learned comments on the muzzle-loaded cannon and its military history would be a fine subject for his satiric pen were he not the party of the first part. On my set, the fieldpiece sounded like an aggravated turntable rumble.
Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty" suite. Manuel Rosenthal conducting the orchestra of the National Opera, Paris. Capitol P 18005, $3.98.	Rosenthal has some interesting ideas on this familiar material and a superior way with orchestral balance, inner voices, etc. However, the orchestra itself is not up to the quality of others which have recorded this ballet, either complete or in part, the total result arousing little impulse for all-out recommendation. The sound is neither an asset nor a liability.
Verdi-Mackerras: "The Lady and the Fool." Robert Irving conducting the New Symphony of London. London LD 9218, $2.98.	An attractive melange of excerpts from lesser known operas of Verdi ("Un giorno di regno," "I Lombardi," "Joan of Arc," and "Attila"), as well as such better known ones as "Vespri Siciliani" and "Don Carlo." They were assembled by Mackerras (known for his similar work with A. Sullivan material in "Pineapple Poll") for use by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and fare well here in the energetic, well-phrased performance directed by the man who has done the ballet itself, Robert Irving. Suitable reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Hi-fi on the Campus

WALK through the student quarters on any campus on any evening term-time and you'll enjoy a remarkable cacophonous cocktail. But if you stay around a few days, certain patterns will emerge out of this seeming sonic chaos. You would probably find that the freshmen, their high school days of gregarious jungle rhythms not far behind them, are playing swing music or some horrible current popular songs. Sophomores, however, have discovered Beethoven —not, I regret to say, the quiet Beethoven of the quartets but the majestic thunderous Beethoven of the later odd-numbered symphonies. This discovery is shared by most of the surrounding neighborhood, for sophomores like their Beethoven neat, *i.e.* full volume, and their satisfaction is only complete when pictures begin to fall off trembling walls.

The juniors tend to play operas of one sort or another—also at full volume—and it is only towards the end of their junior year that they start to abandon the noisy ones like "Boris Godounov" for quieter ones like "Cosi fan tutte." At about this stage of college careers the hi-fi fiend is likely to make his appearance and he will play anything that gives his devil machine, or machines, a good workout. "Listen to that cello!" he will scream, "Can't you hear those strings?". My God, can't we just, though. It's almost as though one was inside the wretched instrument.

The senior year brings a certain amount of peace and quiet on the campus hi-fi front. Chamber music is the big favorite and tends to be played at moderate or, *mirabile dictu,* low volume.

But even a hi-fi man graduates eventually, and if he goes to graduate school he'll find all sorts of hi-fi types there. The first year or so of graduate school is the time for contemporary music, particularly of the atonal avant-garde variety. Later on, of course, the fellows discover that they just can't work with this racket going on, and they are likely to stack a dozen innocuous German operettas on the turntable while they hit the books. Somewhere around the second or third year in graduate school one of two things may happen—the boys get a bit depressed and tend to revert to the heavy Beethoven of their sophomore days, or else, sinking fast in a mounting sea of unpaid bills, the grad student sells his beloved set, and a deep, unnatural—almost palpable—silence fills one room, at least, on the campus. —L. C. AGNEW.

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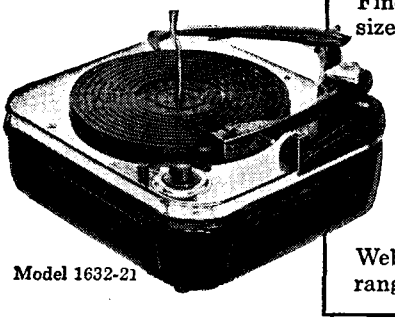

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: "Iberia." Leopoldo Querol, piano. London DTL 93022-3, $9.96.	Presumably Spanish, this pianist has fine equipment for performing these insinuating pieces: pianistic fluency, a good singing tone, a lively sense of the rhythmic and melodic style appropriate to them. A choice between his performance and that of José Echaniz (Westminster) would have to be resolved by small distinctions of quality related to more personal preferences than I can provide. Either certainly, is a worthy successor to the Arrau, now withdrawn.
Arne: "Comus," with Anthony Lewis conducting the St. Anthony Singers and Margaret Ritchie and Elsie Morison (sopranos) and William Herbert, tenor. L'Oiseau Lyre OL 50070, $4.98.	Performances of such works as this are rarities, providing scant experience on which to base an evaluation. However, the vocalists are capable—Mmes. Ritchie and Morison in particular—and Lewis has a good grasp of the music's essentials. For those not acquainted with it, "Comus" may be noted as the source of "Preach me not your musty rules" (more often associated with baritones than the soprano who sings it here), "Sabrina Fair," "Sweet echo, sweetest Nymph," etc. The sound is confused by too much resonance.
Bach: Chaconne, Toccatas and Fugues in D major and E minor. Angelle Bundervoët, piano. London Ducretet-Thomson. DTL 93051, $4.98.	A Grand Prix du Disque winner in 1955, this offering discloses Miss Bundervoët (of Flemish-French origins) to have fleet fingers and a good feeling for contrapuntal intricacies. However, she does not add much to one's tepid enthusiasm for Busoni's swollen enlargement of the Bach original. Her best work is done in the slow sections of the toccatas. Good piano sound is an asset.
Franck: Quartet in D. Parrenin Quartet. Westminster WN 18136, $4.98.	Suave, well-paced performance by this relatively young group (it "came out" in Paris in 1948, after post-war grooming while the players served in the orchestra of Radio Luxembourg) of a work they obviously understand, know well, and love. As of now, it is the best version of Franck available, and well reproduced.
Mendelssohn: "On Wings of Song," etc. Dorothy Warenskjold, soprano, with Jack Crossan, piano. Capitol P 8333, $3.98.	The singer always uses her pretty voice well, but she does not get far under the surface of such songs as Brahms "Vergebliches Ständchen," or Obrados's "El amor." However, Ponce's "Estrallita" comes off very well. Also included are Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Serenade" (both outlined with a rather thin sound), the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," Hagemann's "Do Not Go, My Love," Buzzi-Peccia's "Colombetta," Hahn's "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" and "Comin' thru the Rye." Also, Charles's "Let My Song Fill Your Heart" and Malotte's setting of "The Lord's Prayer," which are musically below the general level favored. Jack Crossan accompanies, at a distance. The sound is clean, but suggestive of a rather dead studio.
Schubert: "An die Leier," and fifteen other songs. Bruce Boyce, baritone, with Dorel Handman, piano. Oiseau Lyre 50045, $4.98.	Though the Boyce voice is hardly an eloquent or even an appealing instrument, he has a refined sense of musical and verbal values. This is of particular effectiveness in the quieter songs, such as "An eine Quelle," "Sei mir gegrüsst," and "Frühlingsglaube," in which the demands of volume and range are not extreme. Others, such as "An Schwager Kronos" and "Dem Unendlichen" are dynamically beyond him. In addition to those mentioned, the collection includes "Der liebliche Stern," "Fischerweise," "Geheimes," "Nachtviolen," "Widerschein," "Der Musensohn," "Der Jungling am Bache," "Verklärung," and "Litanei," the last especially well-phrased. The recording is no more than acceptable, the balance suffering from variations in microphone placement, none perfect.
Schubert: Mass in E flat. Ferdinand Grossman conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, the Akadamie Kammerchor and Anny Felbermayer, soprano, Murray Dickie, tenor, Norman Foster, bass, and Sadako Sasaki, alto. VOX PL 9760, $4.98.	A major if little known work of the Viennese master, with an abundance of melodic and harmonic interest. Grossman measures its content admirably and his vocalists, led by the pure sounding Miss Felbermayer do what is required of them. The choral sound and the orchestra are equally well reproduced. So far as I can discover, this is a first-time on records and a consequential one.
Smetana: "Bartered Bride." Soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, K. Kondrashin conducting. CHS 1318, $3.98.	Fair to fine performance of Smetana's comic masterpiece, a little heavier, more plodding in the Russian treatment than we are accustomed to hear from Prague or points west. Elena Shumilova (Mashenka), Georgi Nelepp (Jenik) and Nikolai Shegolkoff (Kezal) are the principal performers and all have good voices if not particularly appealing characterizations of the roles with which they are identified. Kondrashin conducts with vigor, if in a manner non-sympathetic to the humor in the score. Good sound, as Soviet techniques go.
Strauss: "Salome" (final scene), Marjorie Lawrence, soprano. Camden CAE 232, $1.98.	A restoration (for how long, no one could say) of the notable version in French of the "Salome" excerpt which introduced Miss Lawrence to the American record public in the early mid-Thirties. The voice has its pristine, pre-Wagner glint, abundant power, and a soaring ease at the top. That much "enhancement" is possible may be doubted, but on contemporary equipment, with a suitable output of volume, it sounds impressively well. Not many Salomes of recent date, including Welitch, have sung the music so lyrically, which may in part be due to the French text (the one, incidentally, from which Strauss originally worked). Neither conductor nor orchestra is credited on this disc, though memory associates the name of Piero Coppola with it. The EP sides each accommodate somewhat more than six minutes of music, reducing the original three breaks to one.
Wolf: "Italian Serenade," etc. Arthur Winograd conducting a string orchestra. M-G-M E 3295, $3.98.	A proper performance of this melodious work would be welcome, but Winograd's strings do not have the desirable precision and the sound they produce is a dry one. With it is an "Andante, Scherzo, Capriccio and Fugue" by Mendelssohn, which were originally meant for separate usage, but which form an acceptable entity. (In the Mendelssohn catalogue, each pair of movements bears opus numbers 80 and 81). The end effect is attractive. Best performance of all on this disc is Dvorak's "Notturno," which has mood and atmosphere. Throughout the sound is a negative factor—too close up, insufficiently resonant and in general, dull.
Ysaÿe: Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4, Bach: Sonata No. 5. Michael Rabin, violin. Angel 35305, $4.98.	Considering the qualities of skill and musicianship embodied in these performances, they are likely to be rated collector's items in the not-too-distant future when Rabin attains full maturity as a ranking violinist. He is especially impressive in the third Ysaÿe sonata (dedicated to Enesco) and beautifully if treacherously written for the unaccompanied violin. The Bach sonata is strongly played, though with some erratic fluctuations of tempo and less than the full expression imparted to it by such older, more experienced violinists, such as Enesco himself (Remington), Szigeti, Schneider, Heifetz, *et al.* A sound achievement for Rabin, nevertheless. Very good reproduction of the young man's pure, eager sound. —I. K.

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King David, Prince Igor

LALO: *"Symphonie Espagnole," Op. 21 (complete version), David Oistrakh, violin, National Philharmonic Orchestra under Kiril Kondrashin.* PAGANINI: *"Caprice No. 13 in G minor" ("Le Rire du Diable"), David Oistrakh, violin; Vladimir Yampolsky, piano. "Caprice No. 17 in E-flat major," David Oistrakh, violin solo.* WAGNER: *"Albumblatt, C major," Marina Kozolupova, violin, Irena Kozolupova, piano.* GLIERE: *"The Bronze Horseman (violin solo), David Oistrakh, violin, Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra under Gliere.* KHACHATURIAN: *"Aisha Dance" and "Sabre Dance" from "Ballet Gayne," Leonid Kogan, violin; A. Mytnik, piano.* (Colosseum, CRLP 179).

BACH: *"Sonata No. 5 in F minor," David Oistrakh, violin; Lev Oborin, piano. "Sonata No. 1 in G minor" (unaccompanied), Igor Oistrakh, violin.* VITALI: *"Chaconne," Igor Oistrakh, violin; Abram Makarov, piano.* (Colosseum, CRLP 193).

IT SEEMS TO ME that every time David Oistrakh takes a violin into his hands several recording companies rush to record every stroke of his bow. I am surprised they have not recorded how he tunes his instrument. I am all for it, but what I think is tasteless is the way some of the work of this great artist is presented. Just take a look at Colosseum CRLP 179. On one side they have Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Op. 21 (complete version) with "National Philharmonic Orchestra under Kiril Kondrashin." First of all, whose National Philharmonic Orchestra is this supposed to be? Russian? No one I know has ever heard of a Russian organization by this name. And second, what is "Recorded in Europe" supposed to indicate? Where in Europe? Or is this a secret? Are we to understand from this that this orchestra was actually playing "somewhere" in Europe? This, if true, is amazing indeed.

But the opposite side of the record is an example of utter disrespect to Oistrakh. Here, after having listened to the conclusion of Oistrakh's superb rendition of Lalo's composition, we are treated to several more violin pieces—but not all of them played by Oistrakh. Now why should Wagner's Albumblatt, C major, played by Marina Kozolupova, be sandwiched between Oistrakh's playing of two Paganini caprices and Gliere's "The Bronze Horseman" (the last one recorded with "Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra under Gliere." Really? How interesting!). Who is this Kozolupova that she is added to Oistrakh's album? And why should Leonid Kogan's playing of Khachaturian's dances be included in the same collection?

The grouping together of two Oistrakhs, father and son, on Colosseum CRLP 193 makes, at least, some sense. Something like mama bear leading her cub into the big world. It is touching, but I assure you that the twenty-two-year-old Igor has already proven that he too can stand on his own feet. A few years ago he startled the London audience with his playing when he came there in place of his father. The news of another rising violin star was heard throughout the musical world and now there is even more curiosity to hear more of his performances than his father's, whose art has been firmly established. Thus, these two numbers (they were also recorded "somewhere" in Europe) are most welcome. Igor is a remarkable artist (the word "great" should be reserved for the not too distant future, let us hope). He is equipped with a brilliant technique, a sweet, young tone, and a mature intelligence. His performance has vitality and a large sweep in delivery.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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THE OTHER SIDE

ELECTROSTATIC IN ASCENDANCE

LONDON.

THAT London's first Audio Fair should prove a great popular success was a foregone conclusion and therefore did not surprise anyone. A week before the event more than 60,000 admission tickets were said to have been distributed, and the organizers must have experienced some anxiety as to their ability to handle crowds on such a scale in the space at their disposal. There were indeed times when the Washington Hotel resembled some giant ants' nest, and the queue of enthusiasts waiting to get into the exhibition on the Saturday and Sunday occasionally extended for several hundred yards, but anyone who came prepared to spend several hours in Curzon Street could obtain a reasonably comprehensive view of Britain's hi-fi industry.

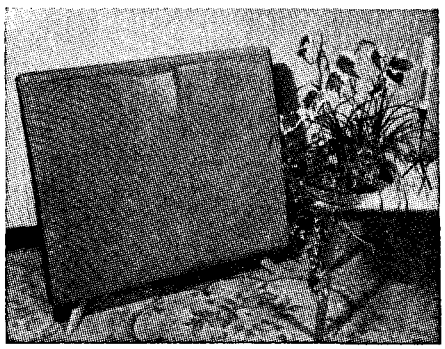
On the ground floor of the hotel there were forty-one exhibition stands distributed over a sizable ballroom and a somewhat smaller lounge, while thirty-six firms occupied bedrooms and suites on three upper floors for demonstration purposes. Most of the rooms were on the small side, with the result that corridors were often congested by waiting crowds, but this did at least enable one to judge various combinations of equipment under conditions approximating to those found in the average home. Many old friends were there, competing for the attention of our eyes and ears: record manufacturers like EMI, Decca and Pye; pioneer hi-fi specialists such as Leak, Acoustical (of QUAD fame), Lowther, Rogers and Tannoy; turntable makers of international repute like Garrard, Collaro and A. R. Sugden ("Connoisseur"); loudspeaker manufacturers such as Wharfedale, Goodman, G. E. C., Vitavox and Whiteley ("W/B").

Among the turntables and pick-ups we saw little that was not already familiar, although the discerning observer could hardly fail to take note of the fact that a large proportion of manufacturers not exhibiting pick-ups of their own favoured the Danish Ortofon cartridge, whose moving-coil design, embodying a cantilever stylus, has been increasingly acclaimed during the past year or two. In the amplifier field, on the other hand, one tended to lose count of the large number of smart-looking and impressive-sounding instruments, especially in the £40 to £60 range, while the profusion of new FM units bore testimony to the increasing popularity of such broadcasting.

But there cannot be the slightest doubt that the advances in loudspeaker design featured at this Audio Fair overshadowed all else. No doubt there were those to whom any conventional hi-fi equipment still offers a novel and exciting experience, and who thus failed to understand that we are on the threshold of a new era, yet the majority of visitors showed an altogether heartening interest in the Acoustical, Goodman, and Leak electrostatic units and in the Plessey Ionophone. From a purely scientific point of view, the last of these—based on the already celebrated invention of a Frenchman, S. Klien, who is at present working on its commercial application in association with an American firm—is perhaps the most interesting, since it is a system wherein sound waves are created in air without any moving parts. In its present form, however, its application is limited to the upper part of the frequency spectrum and the Ionophone has to work in conjunction with a bass unit of conventional design. At Plessey's demonstration it was possible to appreciate the wonderful purity of the treble response, but the overall results were not such as to do justice to Ionophone's potentialities.

A similar criticism could be leveled against Mr. Leak's system which, with electrostatic "tweeter" and moving-coil "woofer," also seeks to combine the new with old. This was essentially the same system of which I wrote almost a year ago; then we were led to expect it in the shops by the end of the year, but it is still in the prototype stage and such modifications as it has since undergone have not, in my view, enhanced its performance.

At this juncture, I can imagine the



The Acoustical Constant Charge Electrostatic Loud Speaker.

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impatient reader of these lines wondering what all the fuss is about. Let him therefore accompany me to Room 120 on the first floor, a small room with a handful of chairs set out in neat rows. Here the Acoustical Manufacturing Co. of Huntingdon is demonstrating its latest products and he will see before him a low trolley-cabinet, beautifully designed by Messrs. Heal (London's foremost specialists in contemporary furniture), containing the QUAD amplifier and FM tuner, the Garrard 301 Transcription turntable and the elegant Ferranti pick-up. He will also notice a small object resembling, perhaps, a convector radiator, consisting of a gently curved metal grille bounded by wooden ends and mounted on small legs of contemporary shape—measuring about twenty-five inches across, some thirty-three inches in height and only a few inches in depth. The demonstration is regrettably brief—understandably so, since Room 120 appears to be on the itinerary of almost every visitor to the Audio Fair—but, if our aural faculties have not been unduly blunted by the assault and battery we were forced to undergo at many another demonstration, we can hardly fail to be delighted at the smooth, clear, and thoroughly civilized sounds which emanate from the aforesaid "small object."

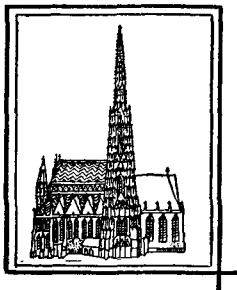
FOR this is the Acoustical Constant Charge Electrostatic Loudspeaker, "the world's first full-range electrostatic unit designed for use in the home." To be honest, my first reaction on seeing this unit was one of incredulity. Comparing it in my mind's eye with the large monster which has for some years occupied, if scarcely adorned, a corner of my music room, it did not seem possible that the little fellow, however admirable in its upper reaches, would be capable of producing a bass response of sufficient range and solidity to satisfy the critical ear. In actual fact the designers do not claim for this speaker a downward range extending beyond 40 c.p.s. and I will not deny that I have encountered sizable moving-coil systems which, at suitable volume levels, are able to give a closer approximantation to the sounds produced by, say, a bass drum and the lower pedal notes of an organ. But the overall results obtainable from the Acoustical speaker seem to me, from the point of view of those wanting to listen to music—as opposed to mere sound effects—under domestic conditions, a considerable advance on any previous system within the financial reach of the musical man-in-the-street. It is to sell at £42, which is as near $120 as makes no difference, and its modest size and attractive appearance should prove an especial boon to those who have, in the past, had to face the choice between true hi-fi and domestic concord.

I must however report that, both during and after the Audio Fair, I met enthusiasts who voiced their disappointment with this speaker, having found the demonstration tame and unexciting. Admittedly the records chosen had been almost deliberately unsensational—soprano and orchestra, piano (tape), organ.

Acoustic hopes to have production under way by late autumn, but it would be of little service to anyone were I to minimize the extent of the problems still to be overcome. For one thing, the situation regarding patents is at present far from clear; another factor is the high cost of tooling which presupposes production on a large scale if the price now quoted is to become reality. Adjacent equipment will have to be chosen with considerable care: amplifiers must be between 15 and 25 watts in output (below 15 watts they may not give adequate volume, since the speaker is rather less efficient than the average moving-coil system; above 25 watts damage might result) and they have to remain stable under somewhat abnormal conditions. The probelms will be overcome, of that I am convinced, and it will be a momentous day when the first full-range electrostatic speaker leaves the Huntingdon production line.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Music in the Great European Tradition



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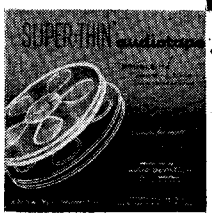

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THE WORLD OF TAPE

From Magnets, Pictures and Sound

RECENT developments in the use of tape for purposes of reproducing TV programs instantaneously have, naturally, raised questions in the average mind as to the processes involved. We can cope with the notion of images reproduced on film and then converted back into images again; even the groove of the disc "shows" a pattern resembling the original vibrations. But the palpable link seems to be missing when neither image nor vibration exists to the eye.

However, it is not so puzzling if it is considered that we, as human beings, interpret physical phenomena in ways determined by our sensing systems. We hear sounds that do not exist except in our hearing; we enjoy odors (such as tobacco) that are plainly alien to a dog; and we spend hours looking at a TV screen that would probably blind a monkey. Our nervous systems carry these signals or impressions to the brain. The brain then interprets, reacts to, and deposits in the memory its own version of the occurrence. We sense things through the agency of the brain: we see through the mind's eye.

Videotape recording and reproduction takes place in the same manner, although more crudely than in nature's highly developed mechanism. The video recorder does not record light or the absence of light, as a film does: it only records *information* about the way light is reflected from a scene. During playback a new source of light, controlled by the information recorded on the tape, reproduces the scene.

Researchers have been trying to devise a dependable and economical system of recording scenes magnetically since 1929. In that year it was reported that Dr. Kurt Stille, a pioneer in magnetic recording in Germany and England, was attempting to find a way to record "optical signs" on the steel tape then in use. He was unsuccessful, and so were a few others after his time. The first modern machine for videotape recording (in black-and-white) was demonstrated by John T. Mullin and Wayne R. Johnson, engineers in the laboratories of Bing Crosby Enterprises, on November 11, 1952. A year later Dr. Harry F. Olson demonstrated RCA's video-tape recorders, one model of which reproduced in black-and-white and the other in color.

Neither the Crosby system nor the RCA system, however, was adopted by television broadcasters, although RCA color videotape recorders are in experimental operation at NBC laboratories in New York and Hollywood. Evidently neither of these two ingeniously designed systems quite filled the needs of television broadcasters. Then in April 1956 the Ampex Corporation demonstrated its machine in Chicago to broadcasters. CBS immediately ordered three machines, followed by other television networks. What were the factors governing the decision to put Ampex videotape recorders into network operation? Here are some of the answers.

PRESENT-day television is based upon a system of "scanning" a scene by means of a pickup tube, contained in the television camera. The pickup tube is a video transducer that converts what the camera sees—changing light intensities—into changing electrical impulses. These electrical impulses may be transmitted over a specially-constructed cable to a television transmitter and broadcast, or directly over the same kind of cable to a TV receiver. The television receiver converts these electrical impulses back again into changing light intensities upon the fluorescent inside face of the viewing cathode ray tube. The information needed to correlate and synchronize both the motion and the picture intelligence of the scanning electrons in the viewing tube with those in the camera's pickup tube is multitudinous and intricately timed in millionths of seconds. It is this information which, precisely correctly interpreted by the television receiver, results in a good picture. It is this information, which covers a

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MUSIC IN SCANDINAVIA: Irving Kolodin, music editor of *The Saturday Review*, is en route to Scandinavia, where he will report on the early season festivals in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The first report will appear in the issue of June 2, dealing—among other things—with the Royal Danish Ballet, which makes its first American tour next fall. After Scandinavia the reports will continue from other Continental points. In the meantime musical events elsewhere will be covered by *SR's* several correspondents.

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band approximately 4,000,000 cycles per second in width, which must be recorded on, and reproduced from, a tape recorder in order to produce a clearly-defined and properly-shaded picture—in black-and-white—or a reproduction in true color values of the original scene.

In order to record video information in the same way that the ordinary tape recorder records comparatively slow motion phenomena—mechanical motion, sound and low frequency supersonics—tape speed would have to be increased to 2,000 inches per second. Disregarding other factors, the *recordable* wavelength depends upon the speed with which the tape is drawn past the recording head. Very high tape speed makes it possible to record 4,000,000 cycle per second information. But the high tape speed introduces tape handling and storage problems which are ponderous. At 2,000-inch-per-second speed, for example, a reel of tape fourteen inches in diameter could record only twenty-nine seconds of video information. The early Crosby video recorder got around the high tape speed problem by breaking the video information up into eleven separate tracks, with the sound occupying a twelfth track. This device made it possible to reduce tape speed to 100 inches per second. However, the same device introduced other problems which complicated matters. The RCA color recorder, using specially-designed stationary heads, is able to record and reproduce color video signals at a tape speed of 240 inches per second.

The Ampex video recorder designers circumvented the problem of high tape speed in an ingenious manner. It provides for recording the needed information upon a magnetic tape two inches wide moving at only fifteen inches per second. Instead of a single stationary recording head the Ampex machine is provided with a head assembly consisting of four recording heads mounted on a rotating drum which revolves at high speed across the width of the tape. One of the four heads is always in contact with the surface of the tape. Although the system of recording is that termed "longitudinal" in technical circles, the magnetic tracks are made transversely, across the tape, at right angles to the direction of tape travel. The sound that accompanies the television signals is recorded by a conventional head along one edge of the wide tape.

The immediate projected use of the Ampex videotape recorders is for recording live TV broadcasts for later re-broadcast. Tape will take the place of the usual Kinescope, or film made by photographing a cathode ray tube face. Thus, there would be no need of waiting for film development and there should be no deterioration of the picture and accompanying sound, which appears to be so common in our present Kinescope film.

Videotape may prove to be extremely useful in film production, as a primary process to permit immediate viewing of scenes. Its use may also simplify the production of film shots involving fades, dissolves, double exposures and other intricate shots. When done photographically they involve laboratory processing.

Whether Hollywood will adopt TV cameras and videotape for feature production and distribution remains to be seen. It is doubtful, to this writer, that videotape will take the place of present-day high quality release films. But more improbable events have happened and we may someday go to our favorite movie house to see a tape instead of a film. We may also someday rent or purchase a tape of foreign scenes or of educational matter to play back on our home television screens, or record a ball game or an opera from the TV receiver for reproduction at will. So goes the saga of tape!

—JOEL TALL.

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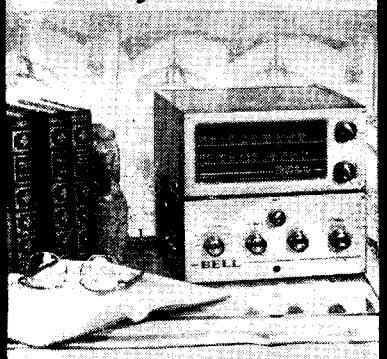

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"Beggars" for Choosers

By FRED GRUNFELD

IN MATTERS of "Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the Trivial Arts of Ridicule," said Addison, his generation surpassed even the ancients. That special genius for raillery is embodied in "The Beggar's Opera"; it is a belching, brawling, smirking work of art. And yet the opera never quite comes off when played as a pure burlesque—because so much of it resembles social documentary. Casting about for a handy whip with which (in Pope's phrase) "to lash the age," John Gay had chosen the cunning expedient of drawing his characters and situations from real life. They are drawn with some of Hogarth's perceptions and sharpness of line. Macheath and the rest of the scurvy crew might have stepped straight out of the endless procession of knaves and rogues who made their way from the taverns to the courts and thence to the gibbet in eighteenth-century London.

It was the Century of the Common Thief, and he swung for very little. Joseph Fretwell was hanged for "putting Henry Madding in Fear on the Highway and taking from him 3d.-Halfpenny"; Rowly Turner and David Delly were hanged for "assaulting Francis Turner in an open place near the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Pound of Rice, half a Pound of Prunes, two Ounces of Stone Blue and 19d. 3 Farthings in Money"; Ebenezer Dun was hanged for breaking and entering the house of Sarah Loyzada, stealing "four pewter Dishes, a Stew Pan and a Coffee-Pot about the Hour of One in the Night." These and their fellows supplied Gay with a ready-made cast; Macheath is the average scoundrel of his time.

The newest version of "The Beggar's Opera" (Westminster OPW 1201, $9.95) blithely ignores these lusty antecedents. The dialogue is milked only for comic effects, and several of the actors, notably the Mrs. Peachum, race over their words as though intent on hushing them up. With patent artifice they contrive to wipe out all traces of the flesh and blood that should speak out from Gay's lines—flesh that is mortally weak and blood that flows mortally red. The actors' weakness is partially offset by some straightforward singing from the vocal cast, a separate contingent headed by Dennis Noble, Carmen Prietto, and Martha Lipton. Frederic Austin, who made the arrangement (it ran for over three years as a London revival, and was used for the memorable prewar Victor set with Mildmay, Redgrave, and Henderson), conducts with a lively beat. The ballad spirit does remain largely intact in this production and that is warrant enough for its welcome, but the sound is small and cramped and so is the interpretation. For example, when Peachum, the receiver of stolen goods, delivers his air

> Through all the Employments of Life
> . . . All Professions be-rogue one another
> The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat.
> The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine:
> And the Statesman, because he's so great
> Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

Gay means him to assert a simple truth, not a mocking exaggeration. In this set neither Peachum the actor nor Peachum the singer has much inkling of the robust reality that underlies their lines. They seem convinced their part is merely preposterous, and so miss the point, namely that Gay was lashing the age with a mirror.

When Berchtold Brecht set out two centuries later to adapt Gay's opera to the German stage he proceeded with the conviction that "art mirrors life with special mirrors," and that every age requires a new set. The

Hogarth's "Beggar's Opera."

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sharpedged German word for it is *Zeitkunst*. It means art-for-now as opposed to the cherished attitude of the Romantics: my-time-will-yet-come. As Kurt Weill said, "I don't give a rap for posterity; I write for today." Not that either Weill or Brecht believed in the superiority of the present. Like so many others of that generation, they found themselves lost and saw themselves blind. When Brecht did, for once, address a poem "To Posterity," he delivered the harsh verdict:

> Indeed I live in the dark ages!
> . . . Ah, what an age it is
> When to speak of trees is almost a crime
> For it is a kind of silence about injustice!

Compared with what followed these were only darkling ages, for protest was still possible and sometimes paid well. The Weill-Brecht "Three-Penny Opera" ran 600 consecutive nights in one Berlin theatre, commencing in 1928, and in a single year they reaped royalties from some 4,200 performances all over the world. Even Puccini never had it so ubiquitous. They had caught something in the air, they had got to the root of the general discontent, and they had made it articulate. Their motive was to turn opera and theatre "from places of entertainment into organs of information," but—unlike other propagandists—they did not forget that "the theatre's task is to entertain people."

"Die Dreigroschenoper" is *Zeitkunst* par excellence, but as such it has fallen victim to time. All recent attempts to update the work have essentially failed. Marc Blitzstein's adaptation (still playing at the Theatre de Lys in New York, and recorded on MGM E 3121, $3.98) blunts the razor edge of the piece. For one thing, it fails to preserve Brecht's subtle feeling for the class distinction of words, for couching a story in taxi-driver's patois and then drawing a moral in the dignified language of a banker or *Geheimrat*. Where Brecht suggests meaning at many levels, Blitzstein merely lays on satire with a heavy hand. Inevitably the cast is forever fussing and bellowing when it should be dabbing on just a soupçon of vulgarity. What makes the Theatre de Lys production worth attending is Weill's tatterdemalion music, happily left intact; but other recorded editions are certainly preferable. One alternative might be the score without the words, in Weill's chamber-orchestra arrangement, tartly presented under Izler Solomon's direction (MGM E 3095, $3.98, coupled with Copland's "Music for the Theatre").

From Vienna comes a sleek new German version of the opera, led by F. Charles Adler (Vanguard VRS 9002, $4.98). The bloom is off the peachum in this one, or rather the acid has been diluted, though vocally the "Three-Penny Opera" has never been granted a better cast. Liane, the cafe entertainer, makes a lively Polly, Helge Roswaenge is easily the most distinguished singer ever to do the Ballad of Mack the Knife, and others include the accomplished Anny Felbermayer, Kurt Preger, Alfred Jaeger, and Hedy Fassler. But the score resists anything that smacks of operatic treatment, and Adler falls several jerks short of Weill's fractured rhythms and Twenties' nervousness—the likes of which, even in our frantic decade, we approximate only when jiggling the phone to signal the operator. The sounds here are spacious and hi-fi—and too neat, too tidy, perhaps, for a work that seems ideally conceived for the sort of records that Sadie Thompson ground out on her hand-crank portable.

When all is said and done, such *Zeitkunst* requires its own *Zeitgeist*. The gramophone proves its usefulness in this respect. The scratchy voices and scratchy surfaces of the original-cast recording with Lenya (re-issued on Telefunken LGM 65028, $2.98) do wonders in preserving the grimy atmosphere of those good old dark ages. For those who want to hear the "Dreigroschenoper" as it was, in proper context, or those who may remember it with nostalgia, there can be no other version.

If further amplification is wanted, Lotte Lenya supplies it perfectly in her collection of Weill's theatre songs (Columbia KL 5056, at the rather exorbitant price of $5.98). Her art, surviving through three decades, remains untarnished, and her voice is still its unpolished self. If anything, Lenya has increased her power of communication. She has easily outdone her earlier recordings of some of these songs. Three are bright pennies from "Dreigroschen"; "Mahagonny" and "Happy End" supply three apiece, and there are excerpts from "Silbersee" and the "Berliner Requiem"—by turns gripping, passionate, sleazy, languid, sentimental, and grotesque. They lash an age turned topsy-turvy, when the hero was a Macheath or a Surabaya Johnny, and when "Der Held" of Alfred Neumann could say: "If I'm lucky I'll find a brothel pillow and a clean conscience in Caracas or Guatemala. Since I know how to step it, how to get on with prostitutes, and please old ladies, and as I have experience in dealing with homosexuals, the gates of South America are open to me for promotion. . . . Hallelujah!"

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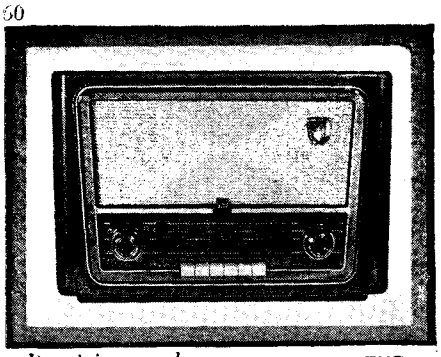

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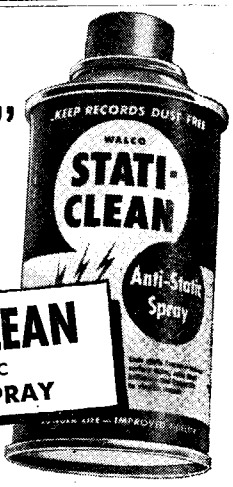

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Words, Words, Words / By HAROLD LAWRENCE

APPARENTLY more people would rather hear poetry than read it nowadays. At a recent conference of 300 English teachers at Yale University, a committee report noted that although few magazines bought poetry and fewer books of poetry were published, there has been a phenomenal rise in the number of poetry recordings sold. A Yale professor thus concluded that "poetry is not in such a bad state after all."

The increased output of literary recordings, however, is no unmixed blessing. One can enjoy the lines of Shelley, Keats, and Thomas equally whether they appear in a de luxe edition, in the pages of a magazine, or in the columns of a newspaper. Quality of paper cannot alter the beauty of a great poem. But when you add the aural element you run the risk of distorting the author's intention just as surely as a poor performance can ruin a piece of music. Unlike the book editor whose main functions are the choice and presentation of material, the recording director is confronted with the more delicate task of bringing to life the printed word.

In the case of Dylan Thomas reading his own poems, the right choice had obviously been made. Despite the poet's self-deprecatory remarks on reading his own poems aloud, "he had," wrote Dame Edith Sitwell, "a speaking voice of the utmost magnificence, range, and beauty, and his speaking of poetry was as sublime as his writing of poetry." Thomas's voice can be heard on three superb Caedmon LP releases. Two months after his tragic death in November 1953, the BBC presented a memorial program entitled "Homage to Dylan Thomas," sponsored by *The Sunday Times* and staged at the Globe Theatre, London. The program was recorded by Argo and is now available in the United States through Westminster Records (WN 18076). It contains a "Requiem Canto" written and spoken by Louis MacNeice, three poems read by Richard Burton, and two sketches: "Return Journey" and "A Visit to Grandpa's" narrated by Hugh Griffiths and Emlyn Williams. The sketches, which occupy most of the disc, are vividly recounted in the colorful Welsh accent. Williams, whose uncanny sense of mimicry delighted audiences here during his Dickens tours, employs it with hilarious results. Burton gives three of Thomas's best known poems ("Fern Hill," "Poem in October," and "The Hunchback in the Park") sensitive readings. The record is adorned with a moving tribute to Thomas by Dame Edith Sitwell and a handsome cover photograph of the poet by Rollie McKenna. All in all, a truly memorable release.

Concerning the reading-aloud of one's own poems, Dylan Thomas once said that poets frequently mawkened or melodramatized their lines. In an album of familiar poems by Keats and Shelley, Theodore Marcuse unfortunately applies these tendencies to interpreting the Romantics. Marcuse has firmly adopted the techniques of the broad tremolo and break in the voice. His diction is clear enough but his delivery is far too loud and theatrical for such an airy creation as "To a Skylark." The end result is an uninterrupted passion-torn, ear-splitting soliloquoy (Lexington 7505).

Similar declamatory techniques are the stock in trade of TV actor and announcer Ken Nordine, who is heard narrating Balzac's eerie story of a French legionnaire and his leopard playmate. "Passion in the Desert" (Version VLP 101). Nordine, a reader of classic horror tales on a Chicago station, pants, gasps, and gulps his way through the mounting moments of terror. His frankly melodramatic style serves the suspenseful atmosphere of Balzac's classic in the best "inner sanctum" tradition. The cover notes guarantee that after a tenth hearing, Nordine's reading will continue to magnetize you (Consumers' Union Researchers, please note).

"The Poems of Dorothy Quick, Read by Dorothy Quick" (Pyramid 4666) are ushered in by Hammond organ, wordless soprano, and harp glissandi —all of which bears a close resemblance to Bob and Ray's theme music for the serial, "Mary Backstage, Noble Wife." Miss Quick, a prolific writer of poems, short stories and articles, has contributed regularly to such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Love Story, Thrilling Love*, and *Weird Tales*. Nineteen of her poems are heard here in-

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cluding "The Highest Star," "Heritage," "White Birches," and a timely item "Reincarnation," which ought to explain Bridey Murphy's return to this world: "One life is never long enough for love. I must come back again, and yet again, to wholly taste the fullest joys therof." The cover notes, brochure, and record labels, by the way, are filled with misspellings. Here is a choice example: "WARNING: this record, 33 RMP must be played only with a needle for microgrove."

Designed primarily for those who wish to improve their command of English, "Gems of Wit, Wisdom, and Beauty" (Spanish Music Center 1015) features Neil Harvey reading excerpts from the Bible, literary works, speeches, and poems; and William Clauson singing English and American folk songs. The project's editor is Dr. Joseph Raymond of Pennsylvania State University. Part I contains a recitation of fifty-seven famous lines by historical and literary figures. The notes state that "those working for oral language skill may use the pause after the short statements to repeat them aloud." But these pauses are often shorter than the statements, sometimes by as many as fifteen seconds. Harvey reads his lines precisely and straightforwardly. Clauson's folk singing, however, is of dubious value to English novices. Gabriel Oller, the disc's producer, is obviously suffering from a case of audio indigestion: this monaural recording bears the inscription "Recorded in Stereophonic (Hi-Fi) Sound." Despite the misnomer, the sound is good.

Cyril Ritchard's new LP entitled, "Odd Songs and a Poem" (Dolphin #1), has a secondhand ring to it. His clipped British accent is out of place in two songs by Adler and Ross, "You're So Much a Part of Me" and "When Am I Gonna Meet Your Mother," especially when contrasted with the rough and tumble, all-American-sounding voice of Elaine Dunn. It likewise falls flat in "Lizzie Borden," whose refrain is "You can't chop your poppa up in Massachusetts." Bea Lillie's style is very much in the air in Ivor Novello's "And Her Mother Came, Too." Richard Haydn's portrayal of that fussy bachelor, Edwin Carp, was obviously the inspiration for Ritchard's recitation of Ella Wheeler (pronounced *H*—eeler) Wilcox's poem, "The Duet." David Climie's McCarthy satire, "Color Blind" ("Three cheers for the *Shh*, White, and Blue"), is now old hat. About the only thing Ritchard can claim as his own is the opening number on the disc, "The Old Gavotte" —"an intimate glimpse into the early life of Captain Hook." The recording is remarkably lifelike.

Wagner and . . .

Continued from page 43

ally played in the establishment of proper standards for the performance of Mozart. The issue may be put concretely in the following terms:

By Wagner's own testimony, he himself had collected "much very authentic information" on the conducting of "Figaro" from the ultra-conservative Dionys Weber, whom Wagner at the age of nineteen had come to know when Weber was Director of the Prague Conservatory. This Weber had been an "eye- and ear-witness" of the première of "Figaro" and the preceding rehearsals of it under the personal direction of Mozart, and he communicated the details of these performances to Wagner at length ("how the Master [Mozart], for example, could never succeed in getting the tempo of the overture to go fast enough to suit him"). If, then, we are justified in supplementing Mr. Kolodin's line of apostolic succession in the proper performance of Mozart by carrying the line further back, from Mahler the Conductor to Wagner the Conductor via Hans von Bülow, may we not accept the suggestion, advanced by some of Wagner's most eminent biographers, that it was from *the direct reminiscences of Dionys Weber* that Wagner, in turn, was able—as the Wagnerian biographer Glasenapp put it—to acquire "the true traditions of tempo and rendering for Mozart's music"?

The answer may be put quite bluntly: to do so would be not only to make a mockery of the very idea of "tradition" in the performance of Mozart (or any of the classic composers), but also to misapprehend completely Wagner's own understanding of his mission as an artist in relation to the establishment of something properly called a "tradition" in the performance of the works of the classical masters. And in fact an examination of the evidence shows that here, as so often, Wagner's reputation has been damaged most by just those biographers who regarded themselves as its most jealous defenders.

To begin with, Wagner's testimony, referred to earlier, with respect to Dionys Weber as an "eye- and-ear-witness" of Mozart's conducting of the rehearsals and the premiere of "Figaro" is found in an article which he published in a Dresden newspaper in 1846 under the title "Artist and Critic." And what one discovers, on reading this article, is that Wagner's reference to the good Dionys

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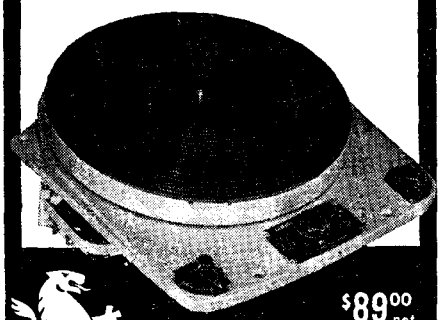

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was simply his way of dealing with a particular *argumentum ad hominem* that had been used against him by Carl Banck, the music critic whose attack on Wagner's conducting of a performance of "Figaro" had stung him into writing the article. According to Banck, Wagner's errors were due to the fact that he, Kapellmeister Wagner, simply had not taken the trouble to consult older musicians with respect to authentic "tradition" in the matter of tempi in Mozart's operas. Wagner's reference to Dionys Weber was not intended to settle anything beyond the specific question whether he had, or had not, heard what some of these older musicians had to say on the subject. With this item out of the way, one could then go on to discuss the only question that mattered, namely: What is substantively wrong with the current performances of Mozart's operas, and what is necessary to set things right? It is what Wagner had to say under this heading that makes his 1846 article important for our subject: not its supposed proof of Wagner's derivation of an "authentic tradition" of conducting Mozart from the reminiscences of an estimable mediocrity whose limitations otherwise Wagner was never at any pains to conceal.

What, then, *was* wrong with the current performances of Mozart's operas, according to Wagner in 1846? Was it a failure to recognize that (in Mr. Kolodin's words) "*the* durable element after all was the score," as contrasted with the variations thereon that were heard in actual performance? Yes, if the criticism is taken in the broadest possible sense: in the sense, for example, in which the later Wagner wrote (in "On Conducting") of the dissatisfaction he had always felt, from his earliest youth, because of the contrast between the impressions of Mozart he had obtained from playing the music on the piano or from reading the score, on the one hand, and, on the other, the negligent and lifeless presentation one encountered in public performance. And yet: what *is* "the score" of the Mozart operas? Wagner argued emphatically that the engraved scores of his day lacked many of the most essential musical diacritics: "as the result of oversight or negligence of the proofreader, but perhaps also because of the incompleteness of the available manuscript, even if this was in the hand of Mozart himself (who in his scores certainly did not indicate the expression as precisely as he insisted on it orally when he rehearsed the work in person)."

Was this, then, what was wrong: that (again in Mr. Kolodin's words) "as those who had direct contact with the composer died away, . . . the *singer's* whim became paramount"? Yes and no. Yes, in the sense implied by Wagner's example of his experience with the tempo of the letter duo in "Figaro":

> I began with the tempo which I am convinced is the right one; but I found myself compelled to give way, in an appreciably slower tempo, to the singers, who, in the manner of most German singers, have gradually become accustomed to singing this piece more or less in the manner of a tender love-duet.

But the answer is No if the statement is taken to mean that Wagner thought of the problem of the proper performance of Mozart in terms of a struggle between a virtuous and disinterested conductor, on the one hand, and a vicious and self-centered set of singers, on the other. Not only during his Dresden period, but at all stages of his career, Wagner regarded the better singers as being as much the victims of circumstances as were the better conductors. Indeed, there were occasions when he showed himself much less ready to blame the singers than the conductors. This was emphatically his feeling, for example, after a tour in 1873 of the German opera houses, on which he published an acidulous report later in the same year. It was the conductor, he found, who always mishandled the Mozart operas worst of any in the repertoire. It was *not* invariably a matter of the singers' making the conductor's task impossible. On the contrary: in a performance of "The Magic Flute" he witnessed, it was the conductor who insisted on "the most meaningless holding of notes"; in a performance of "Don Giovanni," although the singers had obvious natural gifts, they were helpless in the hands of a conductor whose primary purpose seemed to be to show "what the singers could accomplish even when the tempi taken were incorrect throughout."

IN 1846, however, Wagner himself was a conductor. Why could *he* not show the way in the performance of Mozart? This was precisely the point of his article. What was wrong with the performance of Mozart's operas was the whole organization of the opera house in Germany. There was something radically wrong with a set of arrangements which gave a conductor of Wagner's stamp no opportunity to undertake

> . . . a re-study, from the ground up, of a Mozart opera: with singers who never sang it before—yes, perhaps even with an orchestra

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that had never played it before. . . . If only I were given a chance to give expression to my artistic convictions, formed by serious study of, and the purest enthusiasm for, Mozart, in the spirit of a production of one of his masterworks thus entrusted to me . . .

This was what was wrong. What was necessary to set it right? Six months before, Wagner had submitted to his superiors a detailed plan, including concrete estimates of expenses, for the reorganization of the Dresden orchestral forces, as a first major step. If the Dresden authorities had adopted this plan, as well as the plan for the reorganization of the National Theatre of the Kingdom of Saxony which Wagner drew up two years later (the two plans together run to almost 100 closely printed pages in Wagner's Collected Works), the Dresden of the later 1840s might have witnessed the kind of performance of Mozart's operas which Wagner had envisaged. Neither plan, of course, was adopted. As the world knows, one of the results of this was that the thoughts of Wagner turned from Reform to Revolution.

But they did not turn from Mozart. Wagner had hardly been settled a full year in Zürich, after his flight from Dresden, before he set himself to that preparation for a performance of "Don Giovanni" of which, as we have noted, Bülow left a contemporary record. Bülow's characterization of Wagner's share in this episode as an "unselfish action" is hardly an exaggeration: not only in the light of what he tells us of Wagner's labors as arranger and producer, but even more, perhaps, of his picture of the former Royal Kapellmeister spending "several days and nights" with his two young protégés attending to details (such as "correcting the incorrect orchestral parts") which, under any rationally organized set of arrangements for the producing of opera, should have been left to others. For his pains, Wagner had an audience for his newly studied "Don Giovanni" which, according to Bülow, was "very dull, uncomprehending, ungrateful."

The simple truth of the matter, of course, is that the Zürich of the 1850's was no place for the realization of Wagner's plans for the proper production of the works of the classical masters, including those of Mozart. Apart from everything else, the material resources in the way of singers and instrumentalists were simply not available there. This was evidenced again at the time of the Mozart centennial, in 1856, when Wagner, for all his current ill health and past disappointments with the musical life of Zürich, expressed a willingness to conduct a performance of the Requiem there if the conditions he laid down with respect to chorus, orchestra, and auditorium were met. They were not met: any more than any of Wagner's other conditions for the regeneration of the contemporary world through a new birth of Art were being met. And for that, Wagner came finally to believe, what was needed was a Miracle.

It was, indeed, as a Miracle that Wagner regarded his being summoned by King Ludwig in 1864 to carry into effect his program as an artist. The part of that program which everyone remembers is the part that was eventually realized by the establishment of the theatre at Bayreuth. The part that too many forget is that which was summed up by Wagner's Report to the King, in the spring of 1865, "On a German Music School to be established in Munich." This was to be a School for standards of performance of the works of the classical masters.

Including, of course, Mozart: what Wagner had to say in this report on the performance of Mozart he said with such clarity and force that in his later, and much more often cited, essay "On Conducting" he was content simply to refer to this part of the 1865 Report for what he wished to say generally about the conducting of Mozart's music. Again, as in the 1846 article "Artist and Critic," the central emphasis was on the consequences of the absence of so much of the necessary musical diacritics from the available Mozart scores. What one heard in the name of Mozart, wrote Wagner, was evidence enough of "the hypocrisy of the cult of classicism" then prevailing. Instead of the "living, vibrant production" that one would have heard under Mozart's own direction, one heard a literal rendering of "a soulless written-music, nothing else": and all in the name of a "piety" toward the letter, with no regard for the spirit, of the imperfect records of Mozart's intentions which the available scores must be regarded as being. What the new School was to provide was a living

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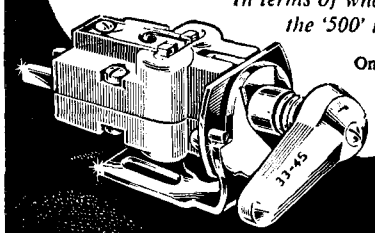

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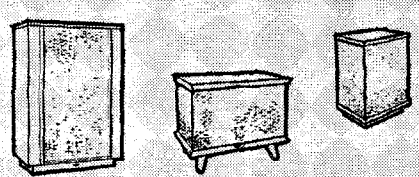

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example of the transformation of letter into spirit.

The Munich School itself, of course, not only did not live to perform the mission that Wagner had assigned to it: after Wagner's flight from Munich toward the end of 1865, it became certain that the School would never come really into effective existence. But suppose that it had come into existence; and suppose it had succeeded in establishing standards for the performance of Mozart of the kind upon which Wagner insisted. What assurance was there that a truly living tradition of proper Mozart performance would not again become lost to later generations? As completely lost as was the wondrous jewel (the "Genius of Music") in the fable told in another superb Wagner essay of the Credo year 1841, "The Virtuoso and the Artist"? As completely lost as the two miners in the fable—one from Salzburg and the other from Bonn—who had each re-discovered the jewel and then himself become lost, in the debris of the mines, to those who came afterwards?

Mr. Kolodin has suggested that insofar as the influence of Wagner helped to provide such an assurance, it was through the influence of his work as Composer upon the authority of the Conductor in general, and therefore the conductor of Mozart in particular. I have suggested that to this must be added the direct influence of *Wagner the Conductor* on the standards of performance of Mozart. But the answer is still not complete. To the titles of Wagner the Composer and Wagner the Conductor must be added a further title that includes both, and yet includes more. This was the title given to Wagner in a letter written by Hans von Bülow, at the age of eighteen, to his mother:

> I must often say: I thank Thee, God, that I am able to understand the mission of *Wagner the Apostle*.

Mozart will be given the "living, vibrant" kind of performance Wagner asked for him as long, but only as long, as there will be apostles of Mozart in one of the senses in which Wagner was an apostle of Mozart: as long, but only as long, as there will be artists who, "believing" in Mozart as Wagner "believed" in him, are prepared to show in the performance of his works the "warm, living feeling for Art, the most rational kind of piety, expressing itself in unselfish action" which the young Bülow, at the very beginning of his own "apostolate," saw Wagner show on behalf of the Mozart whom, in the Credo of 1841, he had placed between Beethoven and God.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

WEEDE AND CALLAS

ALTHOUGH IRVING KOLODIN made no attempt to write a complete biography of Robert Weede [*SR* May 5], he might have mentioned while skimming the cream of this fine baritone's career that it was Mr. Weede who sang the Conti di Luna opposite Maria Meneghini Callas in that memorable performance of "Il Trovatore" in Chicago last November when Rudolf Bing was in the audience after signing up Callas for the Met. Robert Weede did more than his share to contribute to the electricity that night. Too bad that so great an artist has to do a Broadway show before he receives the attention and publicity he deserves.

W. HOWARD JOHNSON.
Techny, Ill.

KUDOS TO CHASINS

CONGRATULATIONS to Abram Chasins [*SR* Apr. 28], who in his article "Survival of the Slickest" has so ably demonstrated the plight of contemporary musicians and, indeed, of all artists struggling to develope their full powers in this materialistic age. His comparison of the present with past eras, when economic pressures did not stifle spiritual values, emphasized a need which is universal today both for artists and others—release from what Chasins so aptly describes as the economic treadmill and time for "leisurely reflection and the informal exchange of ideas dealing with the nature and destiny of mankind and art."

DOROTHY J. MCLEOD.
New York, N. Y.

SPENGLER AND THE SLICK

THIS IS INDEED the age in which the slickest survive. In our times the environment for the development of great art simply does not exist. Mr. Chasins's would-be pianists would do well to consider the sage advice of Oswald Spengler:

> Of great painting or great music there can no longer be, for Western people, any question. Their architectural possibilities have been exhausted these hundred years. . . . And I can only hope that men of the new generation may be moved by this book ("Der Untergang Des Abendlandes") to devote themselves to technics instead of lyrics, the sea instead of the paintbrush, and politics instead of epistemology. Better they could not do.

WILLIAM O. MOESER.
Springfield, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Man can still try.*

NO "MOTHER"

FOR SOME TIME it has disturbed me that no recording company has come up with the Stein-Thomson opera "The Mother of Us All." RCA Victor some years ago recorded "Four Saints in Three Acts," an interesting as well as enjoyable addition to the music library. Since "The Mother of Us All" has recently had a production at the Phoenix Theatre, is it possible someone plans to record this work?

Also, I should like to know what has happened to the amazing "I can Hear It Now" records. Surely they were successful enough to continue. Perhaps, too, another suggestion might be made: why doesn't one of the recording companies take up the project of recording each Pulitzer Prize play as the awards are made? Surely a recording with the original cast would be invaluable in years to come. Spoken drama is more and more popular, so why not select the play that each year receives this award and bring us, the outlanders who have no opportunity to see (or hear) the original cast, living theatre?

ANTHONY SCOTT.
South Pasadena, Calif.

QUERY ON GUERRINI

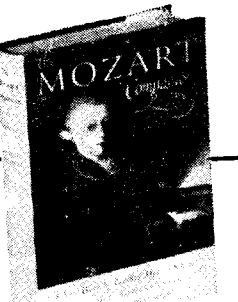
I HAVE searched in vain in every available volume in the library concerning opera or music in an effort to obtain some information on a singer named Adriana Guerrini. I am puzzled that her name does not even so much as appear in any book of any kind listing operatic singers, either of the past or the present. I have two recordings on which she appears in the leading roles, a Columbia recording of "La Traviata" and a Cetra of "Tosca," but the program notes accompanying the recordings tell nothing of who she is or whether she has made other recordings. Can you give me any information on this singer? I would like to know if she has recorded anything else and for whom.

ROBERT N. NORTON.
Santa Monica, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We would too.*

DELETIONS FROM SCHUMANN

IN THE MARCH issue of the LP catalogue over 1,000 records were discontinued. Most of these will never be missed. But some contained great performances (Stokowski-Schumann Second Symphony) and other music that will very likely find a second recording (Milhaud-"Creation du Monde"). All of which brings up this question: whatever happened to the old Victor recording of Debussy's "Pelleas



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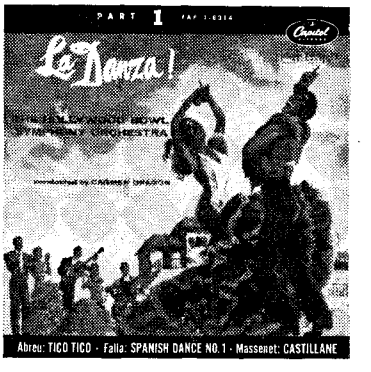

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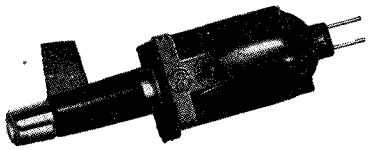

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and Melisande"? It was dropped from the catalogue almost three years ago with the promise that it would again see service in a new enhanced form. So I waited and waited and waited. I'm still waiting. Can it be that Victor forgot about it? If so, could you find it possible to stimulate their memory? This would certainly make a crown jewel in either of Victor's low price lines.

JOHN DANIELS.

Tulsa, Okla.

WAGNER PROJECT

LAST YEAR I read that London was planning to record the Bayreuth presentation of "Die Götterdämmerung." But so far this record has not yet appeared. Now I hear there is a possibility that Victor may issue it. Which of these two reports is true?

R. HARRISON.

Glendale, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since RCA-Victor and London are now affiliated, the difference would be academic.*

WHERE'S "STATE FAIR"

I HAVE OFTEN wondered why there is no listing of the Rodgers-Hammerstein film recording for "State Fair" in any record catalogue. It is apparent that a commercial pressing of the film track has been made, for I frequently hear it on the radio. Are there some legal gimmicks in the way, or does the film owner hope in some way to maintain a higher value on the films in his vaults by suppressing the music? I suspect I am only one of thousands who would like to add such a record to my collection.

SILLARD W. BEATTY.

White Plains, N. Y.

NOTES ON JAZZ

MR. JOHN P. HAWKINS'S letter [*SR* Apr. 28] has moved me to articulation. Messrs. Balliett and Hobson certainly do not need my defense; nonetheless, here it is. I rather agree with Mr. Hawkins in that jazz is a "felt" rather than "written" experience—but for those of us who enjoy jazz without being able to say why, it is refreshing and stimulating to read Mr. Balliett's comments. As it is with every phase of human endeavor, be it the emotion of music or the tangibility of mountains, it's fun to compare notes.

ELISE BENNETT HEUSER.

Birmingham, Mich.

ROUGH ON RAFF

IS IT POSSIBLE to get any information regarding proposed recordings of any of Joachim Raff symphonies? Many years ago the New York Philharmonic did some broadcasts of Raff's works which have left a deep impression on me. I scan Schwann each month hoping for a release but to no avail. Any information will be appreciated.

R. W. WEEBER.

Denver, Col.

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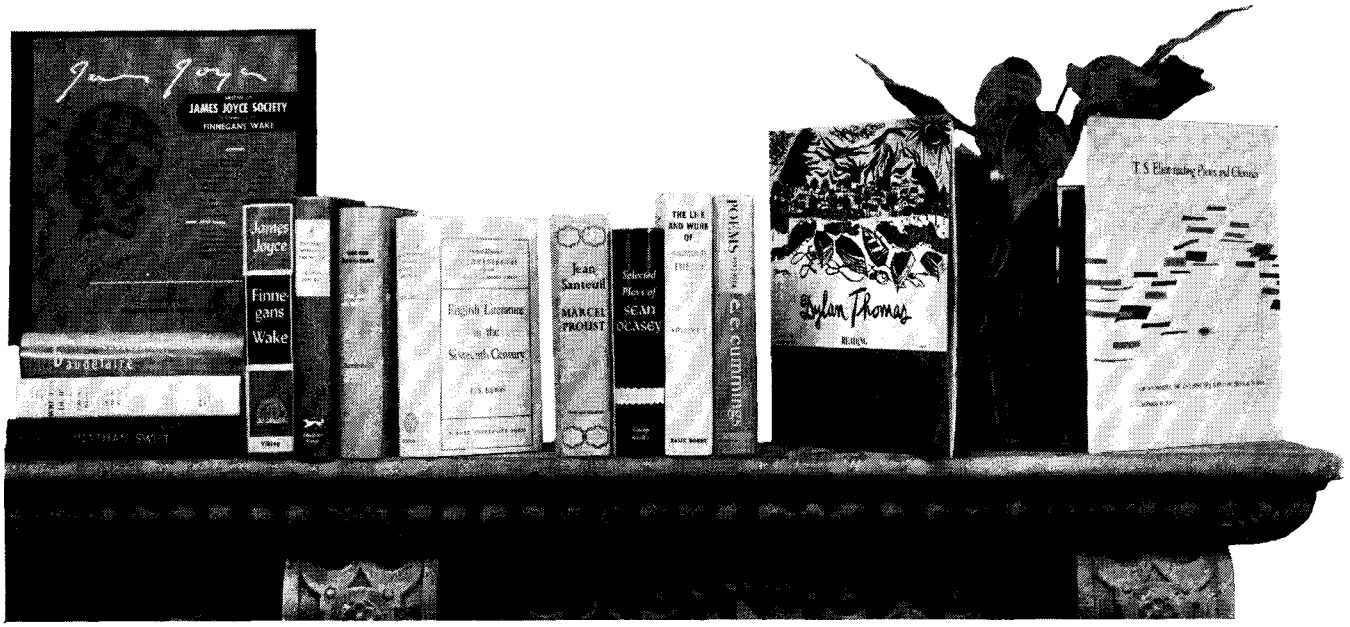

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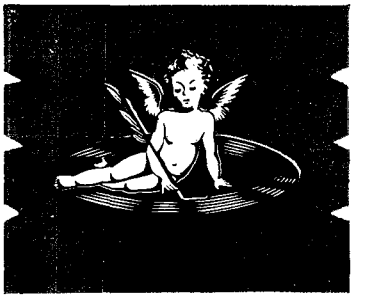

Gemini

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HERBERT VON KARAJAN, Conductor
Philharmonia Orchestra
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One 12″ record **Angel 35316**

SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 2

PAUL KLETZKI, Conductor Philharmonia Orchestra
One 12″ record **Angel 35314**

Sibelius previously released:

Symphony No. 4 and "Tapiola" (35082); Symphony No. 5 and "Finlandia" (35002) • Karajan-Philharmonia.

Symphony No. 3 (Kletzki-Philharmonia) and Violin Concerto (Oistrakh-Ehrling-Stockholm Festival Orchestra) (35315).

Violin Concerto and Violin Pieces by Suk (Ginette Neveu) (35129).

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MALCUZYNSKI PLAYS CHOPIN

Ballade No. 2 in F; Nocturnes No. 15 in F minor and No. 7 in C sharp minor; Valses No. 11 in G flat and No. 6 in D flat; Mazurkas No. 21 in C sharp minor, No. 45 in A minor and No. 25 in B minor; Impromptu No. 1 in A flat; Scherzo No. 2 in B flat minor.
One 12″ record **Angel 35171**

Other Malcuzynski-Chopin Records: Mazurkas and Polonaises (35284); "Funeral March" Sonata No. 2 and Sonata No. 3 in B minor (35032); Piano Concerto No. 2, with the Philharmonia and Paul Kletzki, and Fantaisie in F minor (35030).

STRING QUARTETS

VEGH QUARTET PLAYS BARTOK QUARTETS 5 and 6

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ARMENIAN STATE STRING QUARTET

Schubert: "Death and the Maiden" Quartet
One 12″ record **Angel 35237**

Other recordings of the Armenian Quartet: Tchaikovsky, Quartet No. 2 (35238): Borodin, Quartet No. 2 and Shostakovich, Quartet No. 1 (35239).

VIOLIN

LEONID KOGAN (debut on Angel)

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Brahms: Sonata No. 1 in G major, Op. 78
Sonata No. 2 in A major, Op. 100

Andrei Mitnik, *pianist*
One 12″ record **Angel 35332**

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Hans Hotter, baritone Gerald Moore, pianist

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One 12″ record **Angel 65027**

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